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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR

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[From Percey's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."]

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I presse to bear no haughtie sway;
Look what I like my minde supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pomp, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my minde despieth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live;

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave minde can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatall law:
My minde is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vain
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where I do hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate;
I scorn no poore, I fear no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No welth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defense;
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so well as I!

SWITZERLAND.

[From Rev. H. W. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer.]

HEIDELBURG, August 17, 1848.

We parted with our readers, in our last letter, at Thun, *on* the way to Berne. Berne is the chief town of the most important of the Swiss cantons, and of one of the capitals of Switzerland. It is a substantial town, of about 20,000 people built entirely of stone. The arcades which line the streets, forming a covered walk for the foot-passengers, are doubtless very convenient, but they give a heavy air to the town, hiding the shop windows, and shutting out the light from the lower stories. Berne is largely supplied with stone fountains, like most Swiss towns; but the sculptures upon them, here as elsewhere in this region, are unspeakably rude and poor. A large part of the washing of the town, including clothes, vegetables, dishes, is done in public at these fountains. Women, with large copper bell-mouthed vessels, here wait their turn for water to carry to their dwellings. The costume of this canton is exceedingly picturesque, but is altogether too complicated for a masculine description.

The view from the lofty terrace overhanging the Aar is very justly celebrated. The magnificent range of the Bernese Alps, increasing in magnitude and beauty as they recede, here bid the traveller who is leaving Switzerland a beautiful farewell. A stone in the parapet of the terrace commemorates the deliverance of a young man whose horse jumped with him over the wall down a precipice more than a hundred feet high. The horse was dashed to pieces; the young man, though severely bruised, lived for thirty years after, and became the pastor of a neighboring village. The *bears* are among the *lions* of Berne, forming the most conspicuous ornament of the city arms, the subject of most of the sculptures on the fountains: and illustrating, in two living representations of the race, supported at the public expense, the respect of the Bernese for the tradition to which their city owes its name: i. e. that a great bear was shot by its founder, on the site, on the day when he determined to build it. Some spotted deer, also maintained by the city, in a part of the old moat, seem designed to remove any suspicions of peculiar ferocity that might otherwise lie against the city of Bears. A wooden statue of Goliath, not less than twenty feet high, disfigures an old gateway in Berne, and calls for another David to destroy it. Near this the famous clock, with its procession of bears and its crowing cock, introduces the traveller to what is a peculiar feature in the region commencing here, and stretching north; namely, a vast pride in bells, clocks, and church spires. The Minster in Berne has some fine old glass in its windows, some very heavy and ancient bells, in its tower, and some elaborate sculpture over the principal entrance, but its conversion to Protestant purposes has destroyed its interior effect, much as it improves its moral beauty. The desolate and melancholy aspect of all the grand old churches built for the splendid worship of the Catholic faith, when they have passed into Protestant hands, and been stripped of their ornaments, partitioned off and adapted to preaching, makes one almost disloyal to his own better faith.

The road to Freyburg carried us rapidly away from the mountains, through a country strikingly like the softer parts of New-England. We were constantly reminded of home, and enjoyed the relief from the too great tax which a mountainous region puts upon the wonder and admiration of the traveller. Freyburg is approached from Berne by the most magnificent suspension bridge in the world. It crosses an enormous ravine, which formerly occupied the diligence nearly an hour to pass through, and which is now passed in five minutes. This bridge is higher and longer than the famous Menai bridge at Anglesea. Within a few hundred yards of it, still another suspension bridge, yet higher, but not so long, crosses another branch of the ravine. Both are visible from the principal hotel in the place, and afford a sufficient inducement to any lover of great mechanical enterprise and genius, to visit the place. They are in themselves, apart from their wonderful construction, beautiful objects. Seen from below, a carriage passing looks more like a spider crossing his web than any thing more substantial. Indeed they hang in the air more like a cobweb than a fabric of iron and timber, capable of sustaining a weight of loaded wagons three times as many as could stand together, in close file, upon the whole length of the bridge!

The organ in the principal church at Freyburg is celebrated far and wide for its size and its excellence. We had the opportunity of hearing its admirable organist perform several pieces of difficult music, and it fully sustained, in our judgment, its reputation. Some of the stops were so much like the human voice that we could hardly persuade ourselves that a woman was not lending her aid to the deception. The imitation of stringed instruments was so wonderful that a whole orchestra seemed often to break in upon the harmony which a band of wind instruments appeared to be making. We conceived here entirely new ideas of the powers of the organ. It was equally remarkable in the delicacy and in the volume of its tones, and was as much more soft and fading in its pianissimo, as it was more overpowering and swelling in its full organ, than any other instrument we have ever heard. How much it owed to the performer we cannot say. But we were equally grateful to him and the organ. They seemed worthy of each other.

From Freyburg to Vevay on Lake Leman is a pleasant drive, over a perfect road, which finally drops down by one of those marvellous tournaquets from the vine-covered hill that overhangs Vevay, to the water's edge of the lovely lake of Geneva at its loveliest part. From the terrace of our hotel (which was reclaimed from the lake) we looked upon the mountains, and woods, the blue waters, the villages, the vines, the dove winged boats, that had animated the genius of Rousseau and Byron.

Comparing small things with great, the Lake of Geneva has been in modern literature, what the Mediterranean has been in the religious and political history of the world, the centre of interest and of influence. We do not intend to compare Geneva, Ferney, Coppet, Lausanne, Vevay, with Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, and Carthage. But it would be difficult to find a constellation of superior geniuses, or minds, which for the time, have exercised a more imperial sway through the brilliancy of their powers, than those which have associated themselves with the shores of Lake Leman, Calvin, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, De Stael, Byron! These are all great names, if power be the standard. Whatever we may say of their auspices, no one of them shines with a pallid ray. In Calvin seems to have been concentrated the faith and sobriety which the rest mostly wanted. But it cannot fail to suggest, that a sort of dramatic justice is exhibited in making the scene of his exaggerated theories of religion the theatre of their scepticism, so that asceticism and licentiousness, dogmatism and free-thinking are made to sustain the proper relation of parent and child. How singular has been the congregation of discontented, cynical, unbelieving geniuses upon these shores! Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon Byron! One might expect to find the very waters embittered with their spleen, still agitated with their restlessness, or refusing to reflect the heavenly bodies! And yet, how much do we not owe to the bold, earnest character of those minds that give tongue to doubts and opinions that are secretly eating out the heart or the world! The world cannot; yet do justice to the men to whom it owes in no small degree its growing freedom from cant, superstition, and prescriptive errors in education, social customs, and political maxims. Near Chambery, in Savoy, we visited the scene of Rousseau's youth, and found inscribed upon the house where he lived, and which still contains his watch, and the very furniture and pictures he was accustomed to see, with a striking portrait of Madame de Warens, the following lines:

"Reduit par Jean Jacques habite,
Tu me rappelles son genie,
Sa solitude, sa fierte
Et ses malheurs et sa folie.
A la gloire, a la verite
Il osa consacrer sa vie:
Il fut toujours persecute
Ou par lui-meme, ou par l'envie."

The Castle of Chillon, only four miles from Vevay, is a most interesting relic of the middle ages, and would possess a shining interest, even had not Byron's genius expended some of its purest and intensest fire in illuminating it. In the vaults of the castle, far below the water-line of the lake, is to be seen the mark of the chain rubbing upon the pillar, as the captive turned about it, and the path in the stony floor, worn by the constant tread of some prisoner, perhaps Bonnivard! Through the high loop-holes, the lake sends up against the lofty ceilings of the prison a faint green light. The wall bears the marks of several designs painfully scratched in the stone, by some unfortunate creature, to wile away his weariness. We had a good opportunity of seeing how the eye accommodates itself to darkness, and finally succeeds in seeing by the aid of an inconceivably small amount of light. Objects which when we entered were utterly invisible, (among them a beam from which convicts were hung) became, before we left, perfectly distinct. As we went out, we met another party coming in, and were very much struck with this, in comparing our clear vision of objects with their obscurity.

Following the valley of the Rhone, we now made our way to Martigny, through scenery constantly increasing in majesty, we approached the neighborhood of Mount Blanc. The great road of Napoleon over the Simplon, commencing at Geneva, and following the southern side of Lake Leman, runs through this valley of the Rhone, and we availed ourselves of its magnificent furtherance as far as Martigny. It is here that travellers diverge to the valley of Chamouny, and also to the Hospice of St. Bernard, which we were glad to learn is not broken up, although it is very currently reported to be so. We regretted our inability to visit this celebrated spot. Martigny is in the bosom of the mountains, and its position at the opening of one narrow and deep valley into another, has subjected it to repeated perils by flood. Our courier happened to be there with a party of Americans in the year 1828, when the town was utterly destroyed, with a great loss of human life, and of cattle and property, by the breaking of a lake in the mountains, which, without warning, came pouring down the valley, filling up its whole bed with a raging torrent which lasted several hours. The formation of these lakes by the agency of glaciers running across the smaller valleys, and blocking up streams, is no uncommon source of mischief in the Alps. Indeed, in the very case we refer to, the peril had been foreseen, and several hundred men had been at work night and day, endeavoring to form a channel for the gradual discharge of the lake, it had been nearly half emptied, when the icy wall unexpectedly gave way, producing the devastation of which our courier had been an imperiled and affrighted witness. The church, and the house in which his party were lodged, were the only buildings in the town not swept from their foundations.

The approach to Chamouny, in this direction, admits of no wheel-carriage, and our party were compelled to encounter the fatigue of riding eight leagues on mules, which, to ladies, appeared a formidable day's work. We had taken an easier route by the "Tete Noir," and found our labors fully repaid by the enchanting scenery of this much frequented passage. The middle of the route, for at least ten miles, is a road which a very little pains would make a perfectly practicable carriage-road—not that this is to be much desired, for the slow pace of the mule, and the novelty of the situation, adds very much to the enjoyment of the passage. H. W. B.

THE SPHERE OF A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

[From Rev Dr. Walker's Sermon on leaving Charlestown, for Harvard University.]

In the first place, I have been content to labor in my appropriate sphere as a Christian minister, making it a paramount object not to jeopardize my influence in that capacity by officiousness in other matters. I am not one of those who cannot bear to be told, that they have an "appropriate sphere." I have not supposed myself to be placed here to do all sorts of good, to all sorts of persons, in all sorts of ways, as it might happen, but to fulfil a particular vocation. This vocation was, as I conceived, to do all the good I could in my capacity as a Christian minister, first to my own people, and then to the community at large; and whatever other good was not inconsistent with this, or did not interfere with it. Accordingly, I have wholly forborne to mingle in politics, even to the extent of waiving my right of suffrage; I have seldom taken any part in local and exciting questions of a secular nature; neither have I been anxious to put myself forward among the leaders in all contested cases of reform. To this, I know, some will object, that a person does not cease to be a man and a citizen, merely because he is a minister. True; but then, I suppose, a person does not cease to be a man and a citizen, merely because, for good reasons, he waives the assertion, or at least the exercise of certain of his rights, as such. "Aye, he may waive his rights, but not his duties; and it is the duty of every citizen to vote." And this also is true, provided only that it does not come into collision with a still higher duty; in which event, the former ceases to be a duty.—Now it seems to me that the duty, which a minister owes to his influence as a minister, is a higher one than that which he owes to his influence as a common man in society. Will it be said, as it sometimes has been, as if to show the untenableness of this position, that a minister is more of a citizen than he is of a minister, and more of a man than he is of a citizen? True, again; but what follows? A man, to carry out the same sort of reasoning, is more of *a thing* than he is of a man; but does it follow, that he ought to set a higher value on his relations as a thing, than on his relations as a man? The argument, if it proves anything, proves too much. Add to this, that a minister, who has a mind for such things, if personally he keeps aloof from the party movements of the day, will find himself in a condition, on that very account, to act with more power on the prevailing ideas by which those movements are ultimately swayed and determined.

But will this reasoning apply to contested cases of social and moral reform? Here, many will say, it is a minister's place to take the lead on one side or the other. And they say right as regards questions which fall naturally within his province; but not so, when the main question, or the involved question is one, which his habits of life or condition in society are not such as to qualify him to decide. In the latter case, however distasteful or humbling it may be to the active and ambitious spirits in the profession, it is obviously his duty to defer to the judgment of those who are in a better condition to understand the nature of the exigency, and the practical operation of the remedy proposed. Again, I know how easy it is to ascribe all moderation, even a wise and just moderation, to timidity, to selfish considerations, or to a temporizing spirit. But what then? Of course I do not deny that there are those who affect moderation from unworthy motives. Mine, perhaps may have had its origin from mixed motives; for who can measure his own liability to self-delusion on subjects of this nature? But I suppose this liability to self-delusion is not all on one side. I suppose, that, in point of fact, there are not more temporizers among moderate men, than busybodies and mischief-makers among zealots; that there are not more seekers of ease than seekers of notoriety, under pretence of virtue and high moral aims. Nay, I suppose that, in days of feverish action and reaction, like the present, it often requires quite as much courage and firmness to do nothing, as to be an agitator. However, I judge no man. Others may have capacities of influence, so different from mine, and so much greater than mine, that it would be no less illogical than unfair, to argue from me to them, or from them to me.

The other principle referred to above, as governing my conduct here, is this. As a general rule I have forborne to bring into the pulpit topics on which I was not pretty sure of being able to make myself understood. It is a common remark among those who love to use strong and unqualified expressions, that the truth never does any harm; and in this I am disposed to concur generally, if by truth is meant *truth understood*. But truth may be misunderstood, and truth misunderstood is error, error more perhaps than other. At the same time I do not belong to the number of those who think that the topics of preaching must be taken from the surface of things. I do not believe in superficial preaching. I do not believe that there are any truths deeply interesting to humanity, which are so profound that they cannot, if treated in an earnest and plain manner, be made sufficiently intelligent to common minds, provided only that these minds are not in a morbid state of excitement in regard to the questions under discussion. To minds laboring under this morbid state of excitement, language on the much agitated and much agitating subject fails to do its office; it does not convey precisely what it means, and neither more nor less. A multitude of associations will start up at every word, and become blended with its real import; so that you will be understood to say what you do not say, and what you do not intend; and thus, with the best intentions, you will sometimes only thicken the confusion which it was your object to clear up, and inflame still further the passions, which it was your purpose to allay. On such subjects, at such times, either I have been silent altogether, or contented myself with insisting on the general principles which should govern us in coming to a decision, leaving it for each individual to apply these principles as his own knowledge of the practical difficulties in the case, often much greater than mine, should direct. If it should still be said, that the people demand a more full and frequent discussion of these disputed and inflammatory topics, let them demand it of the press, and let the press obey the call. But, considering the constitution of our religious societies, and the paramount object for which religious institutions are sustained, let the pulpit be reserved, as far as may be, for those weighty and solemn themes, which interest us all equally and alike, as immortal and accountable beings, which, when sounded in their depths, never weary by repetition, which bind the community together by creating everywhere the conscious tie of a common hope, and a common salvation, and make the gospel to be, as in its legitimate and ultimate influences it must be, "on earth, peace."

INDIAN DESCENDANTS OF REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, OF DEERFIELD, MASS.

A correspondent of the Christian Observer, having mentioned the fact, of the captivity of Mr. Williams and his family by the Indians, in the year 1704, and the massacre of his wife a few miles from town, and his return after three years to his flock with whom he labored 22 years afterward, (48 years in all;) having stated also that, "Rev. Mr. Williams' house had just been pulled down, and the door in which were the ball holes and hacks of the tomahawk, sold to the Antiquarian Society of Boston, "—thus adds:

"His daughter, Eunice, never returned. Some twelve years ago, while travelling among the Indians in Canada, I made a call upon her descendants, in their Indian hut. In view of their habits, poverty and ignorance, (they were Catholics,) I rejoiced in the unspeakable blessing of Protestant civilization."

SELECTIONS FROM FOSTER.

Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove to be the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.

When the majestic form of Truth approaches, it is easier for a disingenuous mind to start aside into a thicket till she is past, and then reappearing, say, "It was not truth," than to meet her, and love and obey.

When we withdraw from human intercourse into solitude, we are more peculiarly committed in the presence of the Divinity; yet some men retire into solitude to devise or perpetrate crimes. This is like a man going to meet and brave a lion in his own gloomy desert in the very precincts of his dread abode.

Time is the greatest of tyrants. As we go on towards age, he *taxes* our health, our limbs, our faculties, our strength and our features.

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly.—Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.

The retrospect on youth is too often like visiting the grave of a friend whom we had injured and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making him an atonement.

All pleasure must be *bought* at the price of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this;—for the *true* the price is paid *before* you enjoy it;—for the *false after* you enjoy it.

Mankind are indisposed to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection; there is an *opium sky* stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics.

THE DANGER OF RICHES.

No rich man—I lay it down as an axiom of all experience—no rich man is safe, who is not a benevolent man; no rich man is safe but in the imitation of that benevolent God, who is the possessor and disposer of all the riches of the universe. What else mean the miseries of a selfish, luxurious, and fashionable life every where? What mean the sighs that come up from the purlieus, and couches, and most secret haunts of all splendid and indulgent opulence? Do not tell me that other men are sufferers too. Say not that the poor, and destitute, and folorn, are miserable also. Ah! just heaven! thou hast in thy mysterious wisdom appointed to those a lot hard, full hard to bear. Poor houseless wretches who "eat the bitter bread of penury, and drink the baleful cup of misery;" the winter winds blow keenly through your "looped and windowed raggedness;" your children wander about unshod, unclothed, and untended; I wonder not that they sigh. But why should they, who are surrounded by everything that heart can wish, or imagination can conceive—the very crumbs that fall from whose table of prosperity might feed hundreds—why should they sigh amidst their profusion and splendor? *They have broken the bond that should connect power with usefulness, and opulence with misery.* That is the reason. They have taken up their treasures, and wandered away into a forbidden world of their own, far from the sympathies of suffering humanity; and the heavy night dews are descending upon their splendid revels, and the all-gladdening light of heavenly beneficence is exchanged for the sickly glare of selfish enjoyment, and happiness; the blessed angel that hovers over generous deeds and heroic virtue, has fled away from the world of false gaiety and fashionable exclusion. [Dr. Dewey.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON. From a biographical sketch of Mr. Allston in the Phrenological Journal, the following is taken, which speaks volumes to the honor of the painter and the man.

A friend of Allston tells me a hundred touching stories about him. Here is one: "While in England, he threw off a little painting of great beauty—the subject of which, though perfectly free, to his own perception, from all moral objection, might be perverted to evil associations.—The idea occurred to him while sitting alone the evening he had sent it to the purchaser. No sooner did the impressions seize him, than, with conscientious sensibility to the high claims of his art, he wrote the owner of the picture, stating his scruples, begging its return. His desire was reluctantly granted. He sent back the gold with his thanks, and burned the picture." And yet the painter was poor, and needed money in that solitude of London. The artist who *knew* these facts, had known Allston for years. He says that when he looked on him after this sublime act, notwithstanding his familarity with the painter, he was struck with a sudden veneration.

BEAUTIFUL SAYING OF A DYING MAN. The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows; "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of the Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

A THOUGHT TO DASH EXULTATION IN VICTORY. At the meeting at Port Hudson, La., on occasion of the return of the volunteers, Gen. Taylor, who had been invited to speak, spoke of the evils of war in the following manner:

I cannot avoid the opportunity, whilst referring to the achievments of our arms, of expressing my deep conviction of the evils of war, of which, here as elsewhere, my mind receives daily and mournful proof. Throughout my service, I assure you, the proudest moments of my victory have been darkened and rendered sorrowful by the reflection of the painful occurrences which it produces; of the wives made widows, of parents made childless, of friends bereft of those bound to them by the dearest ties. For the awful results of war are not confined to the bloody scenes of the battle-field; but disease, slow consuming disease, more than any instruments of war, scatters death among those engaged in the trying fatigues and exposures of military duty. Of those who have died in active service in Mexico, the proportion of those cut down by disease to those who fell on the battle-field, is about five to one. For these reasons, as a constant witness of all the stern and painful realities of war, I assure you that there is no one who rejoices more in the conclusion of the war with Mexico now happily terminated, than I do.

It was not from any apprehension of the dangers, or any dread of the fatigues and sufferings to which I might be exposed, that I so warmly desired the conclusion of this war; but it was because I looked upon war as a great evil, as a last resort, which, when it can be honorably concluded, it is the first duty of a nation, especially a Republic, to terminate. I believe it not incompatible with the honor and interests of both Republics to terminate this war.

THE CHILD AT THE TOMB.

——"A little child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose sorrowful feelings are thus deeply overcast. I met one morning a little girl with a half-playful countenance, beaming blue eyes and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and in the other a wreath of flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed—which it appeared the cup contained—into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure surface.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet little girl, do you put seed in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look; they will light on this tree, when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing, you or to each other?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh, "yes, sir; but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she can not see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look; "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together." [Travels in the East.

THE BRUSSELS PEACE CONGRESS.

The Editor of the Christian Citizen gives an interesting account of this meeting, from which we make a few extracts.

"*Wednesday, Sept.* 20. At half-past 12, went to the *Salon de la Grande Harmonie*, which began to fill with delegates and visitors. We found the great and superb hall nearly full. The spectacle presented to the eye was picturesque, novel, and interesting. I had never seen such a room appropriated to a public meeting before. It seemed like an immense private parlor, most elegantly finished. Its white ornamental walls were hung with the flags of all nations, interspersed with pure white banners, bearing the emblems of Peace. On some of them was inscribed, "*Welcome to the Friends of Peace.*"—The English delegates presented an interesting contrast with their ruddy cheeks and plain appearance, when compared with the French-looking continentals, with whom they were intermingled."

Mr. Visschers being chosen President, he made a speech which was very enthusiastically cheered. Among the speakers who followed was Mr. Ewart, M. P., of England. Thus continues the Citizen:

"Mr. Ewart, M. P, made an excellent and practical speech, in which he uttered some noble and generous sentiments towards France. When he left the tribune, M. Bouvet arose, and, meeting him half way, shook him by the hand in the most cordial manner. This interesting incident was appreciated, to every shade of its significance, and elicited a burst of applause from the whole assembly.

James Silk Buckingham next delivered one of his clear, compact and conclusive speeches, upon nearly all the bearings of war, which made a deep impression. The first session terminated at half-past 4 P. M.

The evening session opened at half-past 7. After the *proces-verbal* was read, the first resolution, upon the iniquity, inhumanity and absurdity of war, was offered to the meeting. I shall never forget that moment. The Congress composed of about an equal number of Englishmen and Continentals, was called to decide upon the moral character of war within a few miles of Waterloo; or, as it were, to lay the basis of the cause of Peace on the Continent. We had felt some solicitude in regard to the declaration which was to go out to the world from the Convention, especially as some of the members of the Belgian Committee had evinced a desire to modify all strong terms. But, on meeting in the Committee Room, just before the opening of the evening session, the following resolution was adopted:

"The Congress declares, that an appeal to arms to settle international differences, is a usage condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and by the interests of the people; that it is, therefore, a duty and a means of safety for the civilized world to adopt proper measures for bringing about the entire abolition of war."

When Mr. Visschers arose to put this resolution, I almost held my breath from intense interest, doubting whether a declaration of such a sweeping character could be espoused by such an assembly. His clear voice seemed to penetrate into the hearts of all present, as he read the resolution a second time, and asked all in its favor to arise. The whole assembly, with but one visible exception, arose; and after a moment's silence, as if struck with their unanimity, an enthusiastic peal of applause burst forth, especially from the English delegates, who seemed to appreciate in a lively manner the conquest of the principle. The magnificent hall was well filled with an intelligent audience, in addition to the members of the Congress, when this important resolution was passed; and all seemed to give their silent adhesion to the sentiments which it expressed."

Mr. Scoble read a letter from Richard Cobden to Joseph Sturge. A gentleman from Madrid, took the side of war. Thus writes Mr. Burritt:

The very genious of controversy, and entered upon the defence of the brute force regime with acrimonious and dogmatic zeal, declaring it to be the only basis of social order. Wars and fighting had always been a part of humanity, and could not be condemned without condeming humanity. James Silk Buckingham replied to him in French, in an admirable manner completely refuting his arguments.

Thursday, Sept. 21. At 10, the morning session opened with a full house. After the reading of the *proces-verbal*, M. Visschers proposed the following resolution, as embodying the sense of the meeting upon the subject of arbitration discussed yesterday:

"That it is of the highest importance to urge upon the different governments of Europe and America, the introduction of a clause in all international treaties, providing for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration; that war may be avoided, and the way thus effectually prepared for a permanent appeal to the great principles of a High Court of nations to consolidate and apply."

On being put to vote, the resolution was carried, with only two dissenting votes. The subject of a Congress of Nations was now called up. I had engaged M. Bourson, the General Secretary, to read my essay, or about half of it, as it was longer, when translated into French, than I had anticipated. He therefore mounted the tribune, and read in an impressive manner, the conclusion of the dissertation, embracing all the principal points of the proposition of a Congress of Nations. It was listened to with fixed attention, and the illustrations upon which I had bestowed some care, seemed to make a favorable impression. A short and telling letter from Dr. Bowring, was next read, and elicited much applause. A man, with long, thick, black hair, then took the tribune, and read a learned and elaborate essay upon a Congress of Nations. It was Professor Bertinatti, from Turin, a distinguished jurist, who appeared deeply versed in the whole subject, especially with the best American authorities upon it. He was in Brussels at the time, and seeing the proposition of a Congress of Nations on our programme, he brought out an erudite dissertation in favor of it. This was to me a grateful and surprising coincidence. His points, illustrations, authors, dates, &c., were almost identical with those I had emp'oyed. Indeed, the coincidence was so striking, that many remarked that one essay seemed a copy of the other, in these particular features. I felt that the grand idea of a Congress of Nations had taken a deep hold of the thinking mind on the Continent.

Henry Vincent next mounted the tribune. It was the first time he had presented himself, and the Belgians hardly knew what to expect from the short, dumpy, red-faced man who appeared before them. As he began, as usual, in a low voice, and labored for expression, many persons left the hall, and the current was setting in strong for the door, when one of his thought-claps arrested it in a moment. By degrees his voice arose into the ruddy energy which distinguishes him, and the whole assembly began to feel his power. Onward and upward he soared, and his unprisoned thoughts flashed with dazzling brilliance in their flight.—Many seemed half raised from their seats by the power of his towering genius. It was eloquent, almost to inspiration; and when he ended with the exclamation, "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, Allelulia!*" there was an explosion of applause in which every human being in the house seemed to join.

Henry Clapp, Jr. of the United States, made a happy, vigorous, and eloquent speech, which was well received.

The session was now drawing near to a close, when Francisque Bouvet, the French Vice President, arose, and in quiet dignity and gentle voice, adverted to some of the remarks of Don Ramon de la Sagra, especially to the statement that there was no national opinion in France. "I ought to refrain," said he, "from entering here upon political opinions; but the general opinion in France, gentlemen, is '*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*,—the motto of the Gospel." A large number of members arose instantaneously at this happy and touching return to an invidious remark, and "*Vive la France!*" resounded through the hall. After speaking in a felicitous strain for a few minutes, he took leave of the Congress, as he was obliged to return to Paris to attend the discussions on the French Constitution. Kindly interchanges of sentiments passed between him and Mr. Ewart, and I said a few words in testimony to the friendly feeling entertained by the English people toward the French. Every hour was fraught with interest; the gladsome meetings of friends, the smiles on every face, and kindly words that came spontaneously to the lips of all, the spirit of peace that reigned over us like a serene presence— all was calculated to fill our hearts with the luxury of loving emotions toward our kind.

REAL AND VERBAL DEFINITIONS.

A physiological, that is a real, definition, as distinguished from the verbal definitions of lexicography, must consist neither in a single property or function of the thing to be defined, nor yet in all collectively, which latter, indeed, would be a history, not a definition. It must consist, therefore, in the *law* of the thing, or in such an *idea* of it, as, being admitted, all the properties and functions are admitted by implication. It must likewise be so far *casual*, that a full insight having been obtained of the law, we derive from it a progressive insight into the necessity and *generation* of the phenomena of which it is the law. Suppose a disease in question, which appeared always accompanied with certain stages, and with some one or more symptoms in all stages—say deranged digestion, capricious alternation of vivacity and langour, headache, dilated pupil, dimished sensibility to light, &c. Neither the man who selected the one constant symptom, nor he who enumerated all the symptoms, would give the scientific definition *talem scilicet, quali scientia fit vel datur*, but the man who at once named and defined the disease hydrocephalus, producing pressure on the brain. For it is the essence of a scientific definition to be causative, not by introduction of imaginary somewhats, natural or super-natural, under the name of causes, but by announcing the law of action in the particular case, in subordination to the common law of which all the phenomena are modifications or results. [Coleridge's Theory of Life.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ACCOUNTING FOR, AND EXPLAINING LIFE.

To *account* for Life is one thing; to explain Life another. In the first we are supposed to state something prior (if not in time, yet in the order of Nature) to the thing accounted for, as the ground or cause of that thing, or (which comprises the meaning and force of both words) as its *sufficient cause, quæ et facit, et subest.* And to this, in the question of Life, I know no possible answer, but God. To account for a thing is to see into the principle of its possibility, and from that principle to evolve its being. Thus the mathematician demonstrates the truths of the mathematician by constructing them. It is an admirable remark of Joh. Bapt. a Vico, in a Tract published at Naples, 1710, "Geometrica ideo demonstramus, quia facimus; physica si demonstrare possimus, ipsa gerimus. Metaphysici veri claritas eadem ac lucis, quam non nisi per opaca cognoscimus; nam non lucem sed lucidas res videmus. Physica sunt opaca, nempe formata et finita, in quibus Metaphysici veri lumen videmus."* The reasoner who assigns structure or organization as the antecedent of Life, who names the former a cause, and the *latter* its effect, *he* it is who pretends to account for life. Now Euclid would, with great right, demand of such a philosopher to *make* Life; in the same sense, I mean, in which Euclid makes an Icosaedron, or a figure of twenty sides, namely, in the understanding or by an intellectual construction. An argument which, of itself, is sufficient to prove the untenable nature of Materialism. [Ibid.

**Translation.* We demonstrate Geometris because we construct it. If we could demonstrate Physics, we could construct them. The clearness of metaphysical truth is the same as of the light, which we do not take cognance of, except through opaque matter. For we see not the light, but the things on which the light shines. Physics are opaque matter, —because created and finite,—in which we see the light of metaphysical truth.

THE PROGRESS OF INDIVIDUATION TOWARDS MAN.

Nature never loses what she has once learnt, though in the acquirement of each new power she intermits, or performs less energetically, the act immediately preceding She often drops a faculty, but never fails to pick it up again. She may seem forgetful and absent, but it is only to recollect herself with *additional* as well as *recruited* vigour, in some after and higher state, as if the sleep of powers, as well as of bodies, were the season and condition of their growth. Accordingly, we find these instincts again, and with them a wonderful synthesis of fish and insect, as a higher third, in the feathered inhabitants of the air.

The synthesic of fish and insect in the birds, might be illustrated equally in detail with the former; but it will be sufficient for our purpose, that as in both the former cases, the insect and the fish, so here in that of the birds, the powers are under the predominance of irritability; the sensibility being dormant in the first, awakening in the second, and awake, but still subordinate, in the third. Of this my limits confine me to a single presumptive proof, viz., the superiority in strength and courage of the female in the birds of prey. For herein, indeed, does the difference of the sexes universally consist, wherever both the forces are developed, that the female is characterized by quicker irritability, and the male by deeper sensibility. How large a stride has been now made by Nature in the progress of individuation, what ornithologist does not know! From a multitude of instances we select the most impressive, the power of sound, with the first rudiments of modulation! That all languages designate the melody of birds as singing (though according to Blumenbach man only sings, while birds do but whistle,) demonstrates that it has been felt as, what indeed it is, a tentative and prophetic prelude of something yet to come.—With this conjoin the power and the tendency to acquire articulation, and to imitate speech; conjoin the building instinct and the migratory, the monogamy of several species, and the pairing of almost all; and we shall have collected new instances of the usage (I dare not say law) according to which Nature lets fall, in order to resume, and steps backward the furthest, when she means to leap forward with the greatest concentration of energy.

For lo! in the next step of ascent the power of sensibility has assumed her due place and rank: her minority is at an end, and the complete and universal presence of a nervous system unites absolutely, by instanteity of time, what with the due allowances for the transitional process, had before been either lost in sameness, or perplexed by multiplicity, or compacted by a finer mechanism. But with this, all the analogies with which Nature had delighted us in the preceding step seem lost, and, with the single exception of that more than valuable, that estimable philanthropist, the dog, and, perhaps, of the horse and elephant, the analogies to ourselves, which we can discover in the quadrupeds or quadrumani, are of our vices, our follies, and our imperfections. The facts in confirmation of both the propositions are so numerous and so obvious, the advance of Nature, under the predominance of the third synthetic power, both in the intensity of life and in the intenseness and extension of individuality, is so undeniable, that we may leap forward at once to the highest realization and reconciliation of both her tendencies, that of the most perfect detachment with the greatest possible union, to that last work, in which Nature did not assist as handmaid under the eye of her sovereign Master, who made Man in his own image, by superadding self-consciousness with self-government, and breathed into him a living soul.

Man possesses the most perfect osseous structure, the least and most insignificant covering.—The whole force of organic power has attained an inward and centripetal direction. He has the whole world in counterp

time after, the same philosopher, cut of several iron bars, the sides of which were an inch broad each, composed a single bar of the length of more than ten feet, and observed the magnetism make its way through the whole mass. But, in order to try whether the action could be propagated to any length indefinitely, after several experiments with bars of intermediate lengths, in all of which he had succeeded, he tried a four-cornered iron rod, more than twenty feet long, and it was at this length that the magnetic power first began to be dimished. So far Brugmans.

But the shortest way for any one to convince himself of this relation of the magnetic power would be, in one and the same experiment, to interpose the same piece of iron between the magnet and the compass-needle first *breadthways*; and in this case it will be found that the needle, which had been previously deflected by the magnet from its natural position at one of its poles, will instantly resume the same, either wholly or very nearly so—then to interpose the same piece of iron *lengthways*; in which case the position of the compass needle will be scarcely or not at all affected.

The assertion of Bernoulli and others, that the absolute force of the artificial magnet increases in the ratio of its superficies, stands corrected in the far more accurate experiments of Coulomb (published in his Treatise on Magnetism), which proves that the increase takes place (in a far greater degree) in the ratio of its length. The same naturalist even found means to determine that the directing powers of the needle, which he had measured by help of his *balance de tortion*, stand to the length of the needle in such a ratio as that, provided only the length of the needle is from forty to fifty times its diameter, the momenta of these directing powers will increase in the very same direct proportion as the length is increased. Nor is this all that may be deduced from the experiment last mentioned. If only the magnet be strong enough, it will show likewise that magnetism *seeks* the length. The proof is contained in the remarkable fact, that the iron interposed between the magnet and the magnetic needle *breadthways* constantly acquires its two opposite poles at both ends *lengthways*. Though the preceding experiments are abundantly sufficient to prove the position, yet the following deserves mention for the beautiful clearness of its evidence. If the magnetic power is determined exclusively by length, it is to be expected that it will manifest no force where the piece of iron is of such a shape that no one dimension predominates. Bring a *cube* of iron near the magnetic needle and it will not exert the slightest degree of power beyond what belongs to it as mere iron. By the perfect equality of the dimensions, the magnetism of the earth appears, as it were, perplexed and doubtful. Now, then, attach a second cube of iron to the first, and the instantaneous act of the iron on the magnetic needle will make it manifest that with the length thus given, the magnetic influence is given at the same moment.

That electricity, on the other hand, does not act in length merely, is clear, from the fact that every electric body is electric over its whole surface. But that electricity acts both in length and breadth, and *only* in length and breadth, and not in depth; in short, that the (so called) electrical fluid in an electrified body spreads over the whole surface of that body without penetrating it, or tending *ad intra*, may be proved by direct experiment. Take a cylinder of wood, and bore an indefinite number of holes in it, each of them four lines in depth and four in diameter. Electrify this cylinder, and present to its superficies a small square of gold-leaf, held to it by an insulating needle of gum lac, and bring this square to an electrometer of great sensibility. The electrometer will instantly show an electricity in the gold-leaf, similar to that of the cylinder which had been brought into contact with it. The square of gold-leaf having thus been discharged of its electricity, put it carefully into one of the holes of the cylinder, *so*, namely, that it shall touch only the bottom of the hole, and present it again to the electrometer. It will be then found that the electrometer will exhibit no signs of electricity whatsoever. From this it follows, that the electricity which had been communicated to the cylinder had confined itself to the *surface*. If the time and the limit prescribed would admit, we could multiply experiments, all tending to prove the same law; but we must be content with the barely sufficient. But that the *chemical process* acts in *depth*, and first, therefore, *realizes* and integrates the fluxional power of magnetism and electricity, is involved in the *term* composition; and this will become still more convincing when we have learnt to regard *decomposition* as a mere co-relative, i. e. as decomposition relatively to the body decomposed, but composition *actually* and in respect of the substances, *into* which it was decomposed. The alteration in the specific gravity of metals in their chemical amalgams, interesting as the fact is in all points, is *decisive* in the present; for gravity is the sole *inward* of inorganic bodies—it *constitutes* their depth.

I can now, for the first time, give to my opinions that degree of intelligibility which is requisite for their introduction as hypotheses; the experiments above related, understood as in the common mode of thinking, prove that the magnetic influence flows in length, the electric fluid by suffusion, and that chemical agency (whatever the main agent may be), is qualitative and *in intimis*. Now my hypothesis demands the converse of all this. I affirm that a power, acting exclusively in length, is (wherever it be found) *magnetism*; that a power which acts *both* in length and breadth, and *only* in length and breath, is (wherever it be found) *electricity*; and finally, that a power, which, together with length and breadth, includes depth likewise, is (wherever it be found) *constructive agency*. That is but *one* phenomenon of magnetism, to which we have appropriated and confined the term magnetism; because of all the natural bodies at present known, iron, and one or two of its nearest relatives in the family of hard yet coherent metals, are the only ones, in which all the conditions are collected, under which alone the magnetic agency can appear in and during the act itself. When, therefore, I affirm the power of reproduction in organized bodies to be magnetism, I must be understood to mean that this power, as it exists in the magnet, and which we there (to use a strong phrase) catch in the very act, is to the same kind of power, working as reproductive, what the root is to the cube of that root. We no more confound the force in the compass needle with that of reproduction, than a man can be said to confound his liver with a lichen, because he affirms that both of them grow.

Dismissing, therefore, all facts of degrees, as introduced merely for the purposes of illustration, I would make as little reference as possible to the magnet, the charged phial, or the processes of the laboratory, and designate the three powers in the process of our animal life, each by two co-relative terms, the one expressing the *form*, and the other the *object* and *product* of the power. My hypothesis will, therefore, be thus expressed, that the constituent forces of life in the human living body are—first, the power of length, or REPRODUCTION; second, the power of surface (that is length and breadth), or IRRITABILITY; third, the power of depth, or SENSIBILITY. With this observation I may conclude these remarks, only reminding the reader that Life itself is neither of these separately, but the copula of all three—that Life *as* Life, supposes a positive or universal principle in Nature, with a negative principal in every particular animal, the latter, or limitative power, constantly acting to individualize, and, as it were, *figure* the former. *Thus*, then, Life itself is not a *thing*—a self-subsistent *hypostasis*—but an *act* and *process*; which, pitiable as the prejudice will appear to the *forts esprits*, is a great deal more than either my reason would authorize or my conscience allow me to assert—concerning the Soul, as the principle both of Reason and Conscience. [Ibid.

DEFINITION OF HIGH CHURCHMAN. "By a high-churchman, I mean any man, whether Presbyterian, Congregationalist, or Episcopalian, who believes that his form of church organization has an exclusive, divine right, and that every church not formed exactly according to the pattern which he imagines he has seen in the mount, is guilty of schism, usurpation, and of offering strange fire before God." [Dr. Leonard Bacon.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1848.

THE TRUE MEANS OF HAPPINESS.

We are all in pursuit of some apparent good, with a view to the happiness to be derived from it. Happiness is in some sense both our being's aim and end—not our sole aim and end, for we were made to serve the Right, the True, the Holy, the Supreme Good. But happiness we know to be inseparably the companion of these.

He that tells us, and tells us truly, how and where we may find happiness, has certainly high claims on our regard, and, one would think, could not speak to deaf ears or stupid hearts.—He who should so come, with knowledge of the real springs and sources of happiness, and reveal them to man, would exhibit the truest benevolence to man, and bear on the very face of his purpose, the broad seal of a divine commission from God—"who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Jesus Christ has so come. He opens his divine teachings with telling how we may be happy. He places happiness in what we ourselves generally place it in. He defines it as we would. It is to enjoy comfort and tranquility, to be filled and satisfied in this life, and to have a reward in heaven, in the life to come. We seek substantially for nothing more. All is contained in these.

And how does he propose we should seek happiness? By what means? Who are the happy, the blessed?

To obtain happiness, he tells us, we must be poor in spirit, must mourn, be meek, hunger and thirst after righteousness, be merciful, be pure in heart, be peace-makers, be so devoted to the cause of righteousness, (which is the cause of Christ,) that no persecution, no reproach, nor all manner of evil speaking, shall separate us from it.

In the particulars here given, our Saviour aims at, and endeavors to correct, the misapprehensions of multitudes who hope for happiness in wealth; who look on the joyous, the light-hearted, the worldly-great, the honored, the powerful, as the happy ones of earth; who court the praise of men, but shrink from persecution and reproach as from the greatest calamity; who hunger and thirst after national renown, and individual ease and plenty.

For such means of happiness, the Jews of old desired ardently the Messiah to come; for they imagined he would place these means within their reach.

Such notions of the Jews are those of men everywhere. Here and there in ancient times, philosophers may have discoursed on virtue, on honesty in the largest sense, as the Supreme Good for man; though their virtue included neither meekness, nor mercifulness, nor scarcely any of the particulars enumerated in the beatitudes of our Saviour. They produced no good effect, man grasped at the same means of happiness, and even the philosophers did the same. And so has it been since; so is it now.

How differently from men's expectations did Jesus teach, and yet how truly and wisely! Let us take one of the beautitudes and analyze it.

"Blessed the poor in spirit." Look at the opposite character. Did you ever know a man happy, who was self-satisfied, self-sufficient, proud, puffed up? Were you ever happy yourself, if you indulged these feelings? On the other hand, look at the poor in spirit—the humble man. He has not the ambitious aims which are so sure to meet with rebuff and disappointments. If he is poor in worldly condition, he is contented in that condition. He is poor, in the spirit of being poor. He would adopt no wrong measures to be delivered from his condition. In this freedom from corroding ambition, from perpetual uneasy desire to be better off, from how much unhappiness is he also free! and from how much temptation to sin! His *is* the kingdom of heaven. He has it in the righteousness, peace, and joy, in which the kingdom of heaven consists.

You suffer yourself to wish for ample means of individual gratification, and you find yourself in all the torment of ungratified desire, and uneasiness under present circumstances. But when you can rest content with present means, with means that are in your present power, then you are tranquil and happy.

But there is a wider meaning to the phrase, "poor in spirit." It is to be poor in spirit before God. The publican smote on his breast, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The Pharisee exclaimed, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." Whose judgement is there, that does not assent to our Savior's affirmation, that the publican went home justified rather than the other? Who does not pronounce him happier than the other? It must needs be so. For the deeper the feeling of one's spiritual necessities, the greater the demand for grace, and with the demand the supply is furnished. The consciousness of being poor in one's own spirit, is attended with his being rich in God's spirit.—Into our own spirit, thus poor and empty, there flows God's holy spirit, and we are filled, satisfied, blessed.

For the Register.

DECLINING THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

MR. EDITOR,—It is a subject of regret to many, and sometimes, of complaint, that so few young men in our denomination enter the Christian ministry. Others point to the number of candidates, and say there is no lack of ministers. But there are about as many vacant parishes as vacant ministers, and the question is often asked, "why these parishes, if they want ministers, do not give them permanent settlements?" The answer is, either the ministers do not like the parishes, or the parishes do not like the ministers, and we must have a larger assortment in order to gratify the tastes, wants, or whims of both. It is sometimes said, that if we had a supply of the right sort, not only the parishes now vacant might be accommodated, but that new societies would be formed and furnish employment for more. Doubtless, this would be the case; for the increased number of ministers would make it evident that new fields of labor must be sought. Candidates, at the present day, seem to be conscientious in observing the letter of the Apostle's query, "How shall they preach except they be *sent*?" If there were more of them, they would not wait till they were *sent* by some "town clerk of Zion," but consider themselves as *sent* in a more spiritual sense. They would depend more upon God and upon themselves than upon the patronage and good words of men. They would go forth, therefore, with a strength, purpose and spirit, which would be likely to ensure success.

Various reasons are assigned for the backwardness of young men to enter the Christian ministry. Some think the spirit of the age is become, or is becoming anti-christian. Or if we may not say "the age," yet it is surmised to be the spirit of *the denomination*, and the imbibing of this spirit is supposed to make young men averse to the ministry of the Gospel. This opinion has been industriously circulated by those who deem us pestilent heretics, and we must not say they do not believe what they assert. We have not space to argue the point, but such an opinion, reiterated with solemn assurance, must have an influence upon young minds, and in no small degree deter them from entering upon a preparation for the sacred office under our auspices. If the opinion is correct, it ought to deter them. We are confident it is not true, but young men are not in a position to ascertain the real state of things, and getting an impression, they act upon it.

It is a discouragement to young men to know that so many candidates find it difficult to obtain permanent situations. They hear them, perhaps, uttering loud complaints about their trials, and not unfrequently expressing regret that they ever entered the profession. Sometimes, too, they have direct warnings, given as it were for friendship's sake, against their venturing upon the uncertainties and perplexities which are likely to be their lot.

Young men see, too, that in a large proportion of parishes at the present day, a minister remains but a few years. The blame is all laid upon the people. They have itching ears, it is said, and do not rightly appreciate the nature and designs of the ministerial office, nor are they willing, as they should be, to pay what they have contracted to pay. These things may be true, in many cases: but there is another side to this matter. Ministers themselves are not always wise, and sometimes, it may be, they are not a little capricious and sensitive. Little troubles are magnified, indiscreet preaching follows, offence is given, and thence arise alienations which end in dismission. Clergymen with dependent families are cast upon the world, and it is not for them to choose their place of rest. Young men, who are disposed to enter the ministry, are led to look too much on the dark side of the picture. They fear to trust themselves in a profession, which, as has been said, makes them footballs, liable to be kicked from place to place. But are not the trials and sufferings of this profession, when compared with other professions, too often exaggerated? What profession has not its trials and difficulties, its keen disappointments and utter failures? Those of the clerical profession stand out more directly before the public gaze. Doctors and lawyers may locate themselves. Ministers must go where they can get a majority of votes, and they cannot remain when the majority is against them. They are paid by tax or subscription. Their service is not by the piece. They are employed for a general work among a mass of men and women and children, who all claim an equal share. But doctors and lawyers do not always find employment, or they obtain it in stinted measure. Doctors, in the country, and probably in the city, often have to work without pay, not less than the minister, and many lawyers, if report is true, have hard work to get a living by their profession.

Extravagant representations are sometimes made of the mental and moral qualifications required for the Christian ministry. Some of the charges given at ordinations and installations, though well intended, are calculated to induce conscientious young men to shun the ministry. The responsibleness is described as so great, the purity as so immaculate, the faithfulness as so laborious, and the perseverance as so untiring and self-sacrificing, that an angel's perfection and strength would seem inadequate for the demand of service. It is natural that such representations should produce feelings of self-distrust and cause them to give up thoughts of the profession, saying, we are not sufficient for these things.

Much abuse has of late years been heaped upon clergymen of all sects who refused to go heart and hand with certain persons in their projects and measures of benevolent reform. Eloquent tirades have been poured out in popular assemblies for the purpose of destroying the character and influence of the greater portion of ministers in the United States. Although the epithets bestowed upon them were senseless and unjust, yet on the minds of the young and unreflecting, unable to comprehend the point at issue, and never having given a moment's thought, impressions have been made, unfavorable to the ministry, which years cannot erase. Sensitive spirits recoil from a situation in which they may be exposed to such intemperate abuse, and though they may look with disgust upon those who so recklessly deal it out, yet they prefer to put themselves out of the way of encountering it. They feel as some good men do about entering the lists for election to public office: they are not willing to run the risk of being assailed by such violent, though unjust vituperation.

All these things, however, ought not to deter young men from preparing for the ministry.—They should regard them as only temporarily incidental to the profession. If Christian ministers are worthy of the name they bear, they will, in due time, live down unjust aspersions. If they are not worthy, they will be driven from the field, and a set truly worthy take their places.

In the mean time, it becomes those, who value the Christian ministry and deem its incumbents worthy of support, to do what they can to encourage young men to prepare themselves for the office. Pains should be taken to place the whole subject in its true light, that the wrong impressions which have been made may be removed. Those who desire to sit under good preaching should especially lend their efforts and contribute from their means to secure every facility for those who are disposed to enter the ministry. Instead of spending their strength in finding fault, let them take hold and help correct the faults which are prevalent, and serve to check the progress of truth. By a course of indiscriminate fault-finding, men often hinder the very thing they are really desirous of promoting.

N. H.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT FRAMINGHAM.

On Thursday the sixteenth, Mr. Joseph H. Phipps, a member of the last class from the Theological School in Cambridge, was ordained as pastor of the First Parish in Framingham. The services were conducted by the following gentlemen. Introductory Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Fox, of Boston. Reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of Jamaica Plain.—Sermon by the Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester. Ordaining prayer by the Rev. Mr. Muzzey, of Cambridgeport. Charge by the Rev. Mr. Gray, of Boston. Right Hand of Fellowship by the Rev. Mr. Alger, of Roxbury. Address to the People by the Rev. Mr. Barry, of Lowell. Concluding Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough.

The Sermon was from Matthew 22: 40 "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets" The subject was Piety and Philanthropy, the Church and the Reformers. The discourse had many passages of great beauty and power. It had that power which comes from self-forgetful singleness of purpose, and that pathos which comes from earnest sincerity and deep feeling. It was worthy of the character of its author as a devoted minister, and showed that in *his* heart the love of God was blended with the love of man in sacred and glowing union.

At the close of the services, the company proceeded to the Town Hall where a Collation had been provided. After some happy remarks by the Chairman, Mr. Grout, a blessing was invoked by the Rev. Dr. Field. Before the assembly dispersed, brief speeches, in reply to calls from the Chairman, were made by the Rev. Dr. Pierce, Dea. Greele, Rev. Messrs. Gray, Frost and Muzzey.

It was a lovely day, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Our young brother who is settled in this beautiful village under such auspicious circumstances, has our prayers for his success and happiness. Among the people of his earliest choice, during a long life, may his labors bring forth good fruit abundantly.

"And when, in some far distant year,
They bear him to his rest,
Lord! may their childrens' frequent tears
Declare his memory blest."

A.

For the Register.

THE LATE EDWARD REYNOLDS ESQ.

A special feeling of interest follows those to the grave who have been permitted to live beyond the usual term of our mortal lot, and who have so conducted themselves as to be respected and beloved to the end. Such a life was that of Mr. Reynolds. He has left few so aged, and certainly few of that small number so deservedly endeared, behind him. Death has been busy the present season among the old, seeking those who were from eighty years and upwards. It has hit some shining marks. Distinguished men have been struck at last from the roll of the living. Two of these, eminent for intellectual accomplishments and power, have just received becoming eulogy,—one a little before he died and the other soon after he died,—from the master intellect of our country. Mr. Reynolds had no claim to any such honors. He occupied but a common position, that did not attract much notice from abroad. But his private and kind-hearted virtues were higher than all mere mental superiority, and better than the applauses of multitudes of people. He was one of the honorable class of merchants in this city; and well known among them for the fairness and liberality of his dealings, and the Christian worth of his character. It is many years since he retired from business, carrying with him the favorable opinion of the community, and handsome fruits of his industry, prudence and good fortune. His retirement was not seclusion from any public duty. He took the liveliest interest to the last in all that concerned the prosperity of his fellow-citizens; while his favorite circle was that of his domestic relations, and his chief work the exercises of a thoughtful and affectionate heart. He was eminently of a cheerful, confiding spirit. With views of religion that were generous, humane and animating, he continued steadfastly to adorn by his pure character the profession of Christ, which he had made in the middle of his life.

Through pretty severe trials of temporary blindness and bodily pain, he always sustained himself with the serenest patience. Nothing in him ever tended to moroseness or complaint.—There was an unforced cheer in his countenance and conversation, that it was a lesson as well as a pleasure to witness, long after the years had come upon him that are apt to find "their strength labor and sorrow." They brought neither to him. When eighty-seven of them had passed, he was moving happily among his friends, in good possession of his outward senses and inward faculties; thus making others thankful in his gratitude, that so advanced a period could by the divine blessing enjoy so much. He was still the active head of his house. His presence was still a light and joy to it. He is gone now. The years that were allowed to be so many on earth are joined to those "that are at the right hand of the Most High."

For the Register.

SUBSCRIPTION PAPERS.

"Well," exclaimed a lively young lady, "I have taken the veil, I have certainly devoted myself to celibacy!" "Why?"—"Because I took a Sunday school class some time ago, I then became teacher in a Charity Sewing-school, and now I have volunteered to carry round a subscription paper. That settles the matter."

That the horror felt at the sight of subscription papers does extend to the bearers thereof, is not to be denied. And yet we have met with many individuals, who declared that some other individuals actually liked the work, and entered into it as a matter of taste. We doubt if such is ever the case. Nothing indicates more decidedly the false estimate put upon wealth, the general false impression as to the true use of money, than this repugnance we all feel towards asking for it, whether for ourselves or for others. That we should be reluctant to beg for ourselves is, of course, intelligible enough. But it is a sad commentary on human nature that we dread to state a case of distress to any man, to end by saying, "Now please give me the wherewithal to relieve him." There are a thousand ways, more or less ingenuous and delicate, in which the thing may be done; and it is amusing sometimes to see the variety of modes in which it is accomplished, especially by those whose benevolence has led them into a good deal of experience.

There is an infinite variety of experiences, too, for those who are led to seek them. You do but approach one man with the simplest intimation of your purpose, and his warm impulsive generosity flashes up instantly. It is like applying light to the gas-pipe in your drawing-room. With another, you dwell on the minutiæ of your tale of woe, and you work, and work, like a lost traveller in the prairie, rubbing two dry sticks together to kindle a fire; glad enough are you to see a little smoke at last. To borrow similes from another element, one man's charity gushes up like the bright fountain; and when it is not playing, we know it is there, ready to bound forth joyfully, as if exulting in its power to bless. Another's lies in the rock, and a prophet's rod must summon it. Another's is in the frozen pump. You may not come at the right time; the man is not in the right mood. You must wait till it thaws. It will thaw, however.—All this is very amusing and curious, as you hear it described; but to go about performing these psychological experiments, is much more edifying than agreeable.

The fact that we have a feeling of awkwardness and even shame about soliciting money for other people, is certainly not quite intelligible. It appears somewhat unreasonable; and those who can show most plainly that it is unreasonable are not exempt from the feeling. We have heard a lady urging another to carry round a subscription-paper for an unexceptionable purpose, and she certainly made it out to be one of the best ways of doing good, and moreover one of the simplest and easiest. But the current of her eloquence was checked by the natural question, "But why don't you do it yourself?' The fluent lady was driven at last to the lame reply, "Why, it is not to my taste." And as she had found for herself abundance of other ways of doing good, no one had any right to quarrel with her apology.

We contend that it is not the taste, the *voluntary* occupation of any one; that all who do it are compelled to it by a sense of duty. Therefore a higher respect should be felt for those who do undertake it. And we contend, besides, that it should not be left in the hands of certain individuals exclusively, as it is too apt to be, in each little community, whether that community be a village, a parish, or a neighborhood. There are many of us who have never made an effort of this kind at all, and yet can offer before God no sincere and good reason why we should not. We are bound to believe that our modesty is no greater, our delicacy not a whit more sensitive than that of others who have accomplished much for their fellow creatures in this way. If we have more absolute duties, either imposed by God in our family-relations, or assumed by ourselves and faithfully discharged, we are excused from taking our turn; hardly otherwise.

Taking our turn. There is a point to be considered. We do not ask you to make it your business to carry round subscription papers year after year. We believe in the division of labor, and approve of rotation in office. For your own good, we wish you to rise above what would selfishly keep you from this work. Do it at least once in your life. It may be true that to certain persons the task is not so very unpleasant as it would be to you; but why? Is not the cause most creditable to them? Is it not simply because they have overcome their early repugnance by their perseverance in well-doing? They may seem so ready to undertake the work, and so callous to all that is disagreeable, that you forget how many secret struggles they may have endured, with what noble resolution they have put the disagreeable out of sight, under their feet; and you regard with indifference or idle wonder a course you ought to admire, if not imitate. They have been led to do, against their taste, what no one else would do, simply because their benevolence would not permit them to sit quietly when the right thing was likely to remain undone.

We hear sometimes, "Oh, the very sight of such a person is tiresome, she is always going round to collect money for some charitable object or other."—She is? why do not those who are tired of seeing her take the work out of her hands. It would be better to have variety in the persons of the solicitors. Rest assured, she will most thankfully yield it to you. Nobody has tried her with such an offer yet. The business must remain among a few, till the consciences of others shall rouse them to relieve the seemingly indefatigable, and to take their own turns.

We desire to see greater sympathy felt, greater respect expressed, for those who thus laboriously supply the oil for the machinery of so much public and private good;—and a greater readiness to bear a portion of the toil.

Have we a right to choose only the easiest and pleasantest ways of doing good?

L. T. H.

For the Register.

THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The announcement that a new Edition of the works of this admired Author was in progress, has led us to revert with pleasure to the delight we enjoyed in our first acquaintance with him through his charming books. He was the first of American writers in the department of elegant literature who obtained a wide name and fame in the old world. Great Britain, France, Northern and Southern Europe are alike familiar with his delightful and most healthful writings, and doubtless his own good standing abroad has done more than any other single cause to introduce the names and works of others of our countrymen. There is a charm about his writings to which old and young, the educated and the simple, bear cheerful witness. We have been told on good authority, that his famous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," was written under deep depression of spirits. Who would think this, on perusing that sunny volume? How rich and quaint is its humour; how delicate its heart-touches; how refined its sentiments; how honest is its simple burgher morality; how brilliant the flashes of shrewd intelligence and homespun good sense, which are its marked characteristics. It is said that some of the more prospered of the descendants of the Dutch at Manhattan, those whose wide farms divided into city house-lots have sold at prices which would cover them with silver, were somewhat scandalized at the exhibition made of their ancestors in the day of small things. But there is nothing in the volume at which an honest pride could take offence. Certainly, the genial and urbane spirit of the Author would be a sufficient guarantee that no such offence was designed, nor indeed could we ever see any fair materials of it.

With all his wit and humour, Irving never descends to buffoonery. No indelicate allusions, no morbid sentimentalities, no diseased notions about social distinctions or rivalries appear in his pages. He is eminently a healthful and improving writer. His Essays, the contents of his Sketch Book, are faithful to life, to the heart, and to the laws of virtue and piety. His historical works are on themes which he has had peculiar opportunities to examine with thorough research, and the richest materials. It is remarkable that there has never been issued either in this country or in Europe, a complete and uniform edition of his works. The bulky volume surreptitiously printed on the Continent is too cumbersome for use, and incomplete.

Mr. George P. Putnam, of New York, has just undertaken to publish for the Author, a revised and uniform reprint of his writings, which have already appeared, and to follow them with several new works of his, which have not yet seen the light. Among these is announced a Life of Mohammed, and a Life of Washington. As to the latter subject for a volume, we can only say, that if another Life of Washington needs be written—which we doubt—we should prefer, of all men, to have Washington Irving undertake it. The other promised biography, the Life of Mohammed, is a grand, an unexhausted, and a most inviting theme. It has never yet been well treated, nor is it probable that there is a man on this Continent better qualified to treat it with discrimination and power, and with faithfulness to the truth, than Washington Irving. If our country can be covered with a large issue of his writings, it will make some amends for the flood of trumpery which the Press has poured over it. Two volumes of the series, Knickerbocker and the Sketch Book, have now appeared, and may be had of James Munroe & Co., No. 134, Washington Street. ☞

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Meliboeus Hipponax. The Biglow Papers, edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and copious Index, by Homer Wilber, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (prospective) member of many literary, learned and scientific societies, (*for which see page 5.*)

The Ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute.
Quarles's Emblems, B. II. E. 8.

Margaritas, munde porcine, calcasti: en, siliquas accipe.
Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg. § 1.

Cambridge: Published by George Nichols. 1848.

The notification on the back side of the title-page, "Entered according to Act of Congress, by James Russell Lowell," does not for the first time reveal the secret of the authorship of the widely celebrated poems that first appeared in the Boston Courier, from the pen of "Hosee Biglow," the first of which immortalized the "Crutin Sarjint," and contained the noble lines, (we will take them from the Yankee dialect, which we think rather malapropos in this instance,)

Laboring man and laboring woman
Have one glory and one shame,
Every thing that's done inhuman
Injures all of them the same.

Mr. Lowell has added further to the humor, and satire, and instructiveness of these poems, by prose annotations. He has, indeed, (to adopt the dialect of "Hosee,") made the cutest, most curus kind o' thing we ever seed; it beats all nater.

The poet has called himself "Meliboeus Hipponax"—i. e. Hipponax of Meliboea (a town in Thessaly, Greece, at the foot of Mount Ossa) who wrote lampoons and satires against certain persons, so severe that they went and hanged themselves.

The victimized in Mr. Lowell's present volume will probably not rush upon so deplorable a fate, but join in the mirth of the affair, nor feel disposed to use a rope, even, for other purposes than hanging themselves; as for instance, to make the poet feel that some things can be done as well as others.

The last line in Latin, translated, is as follows: *Swinish world! you have trampled pearls under-foot; There, take pods.*

Mr. Lowell does throw out some *pods*, but a good many pearls also;—guineas between counters.—We received our copy from Crosby & Nichols.

Godey's Lady's Book. For November.

The No. before us sustains the advertisement in our columns, to which we refer our readers. The embellishments in particular are numerous and fine, and among them is an engraved likeness of "Grace Greenwood," which is very "fair to look upon."

LIVING AGE, for December, contains articles exceedingly interesting. See advertisement.

The Edinburgh Review, for Oct. 1848. From T. Wiley, Jr.

J. S. Mill, on Political Economy; Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Orsory; Revolution and Reform; Gardening in China; Ethnology, or the Science of Races; Hervey's Memoirs of the Reign of George II.; State of Europe; constitute a No. of the Edinburgh, which those who read, and reflect upon, will regard as furnishing matter of the highest practical importance, worthily presented and strongly enforced.

Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review. Conducted by B. B. Edwards and E. A. Park, Professors at Andover, with the special co-operation of Dr. Robinson and Professor Stuart. Vol. v. No. xx. Nov. 1848. Andover: William H. Wardwell. New York and London: John Wiley.

The contents of this closing No. of Vol. V., are the Roman Catholic Religion in Italy, by B. B. Edwards, Professor at Andover. 2. Remarks on a Sermon by Dr. Emmons, by Rev. Leonard Withington, Newbury, Ms. 3. Constitution of Spiritual Beings, by Prof. Chase of Brown University. 4. Relation of Language to Thought, by Prof. Shedd of Vermont University. 5. Journey from Aleppo to Mount Lebanon, by Rev. William M. Thompson, American Missionary in Syria. 6. Commentary on the Vision of Ezekiel, translated from Prof. Havernick, by Edward Robie, Assistant Heb. Instructor at Andover. 7. New Edition of Plutarch's Lives, by President Woolsey, Yale College. 8. Schott's Treatise on the Structure of a Sermon, by Edwards A. Park, Prof. at Andover. 9. Remarks on the Chinese Language—a Letter from an American Missionary in China. 10. Biblical Geography, by E. Robinson, D. D., Prof. at New York. 11. Notice of New Editions of Classics, by an Association of Gentlemen. 12. Review of Owen's Thucydides, by Prof. Hadley of Yale College. 13. Literary and Theological Miscellanies. Index.

The Conductors of the Bibliotheca Sacra give us in this number, as in others, the ripe and rich fruits of our American biblical scholarship, as well as of that of other lands. The second article, from a hand which appears less able in theological discussion than in polite literature, presents a truth which, though not brought into clear light, can be seen with some distinctness. "In understanding the Bible," says he, "the true system is needed as a light to the interpretation. I should rather read the Bible with the poorest system ever known, than none at all. Even the Ptolemaic error was not a useless guide to final truth.

Classical Series. Edited by Drs. Schmitz & Zumpt.—

Two volumes of this series are before us, published by Lea & Blanchard, 1848—P Virgilii Maronis Carmina; also C. Sallustii Crispi de Bello Catilinario et Jugurthino. It is highly approved by many teachers of eminence in their profession. It combines a clear, handsome page, convenient size of pocket-volume, with cheapness. It has also notes at the foot of each page, which, so far as we have examined, are judicious and sufficiently full. We trust that the American publishers will see that the reprints in this country are accurate copies of the works as they come from the hands of Messrs. Schmitz & Zumpt—whose text we suppose is the most perfect of any editions that have been published. So far as we have examined, (we have read a very little in each) the text is accurate.

Sears' New Pictorial Family Magazine.—Boston: F. S. Saxton, Agent.

The 12th No. of this Periodical is before us. Mr. S's success in conveying information by his various pictorial publications has been very great; and he makes the Magazine of which the above is the title very attractive, very valuable—and very cheap.

The Daguerreotype and Foreign Miscellany: Vol III, No. 3. Boston, Crosby & Nichols.

The present No. contains among its articles one or two in a rich vein of humor which we are sure will be greatly relished.

Blackwood for November.

This Magazine is, as usual, rich, exhilarating and instructive, and can be obtained at Wiley's, where will be found all the various periodical literature of the day at the earliest hour of publication.

Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate, Edited by S. G. Goodrich, and Published by James E. Hickman.

The fifth number of this entertaining periodical is ready for its numerous young readers.

Hymns, Songs, and Fables, for Young People. By Eliza Lee Follen. Revised and enlarged from the last edition. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. 1848.

We join in the hope so beautifully expressed by Dr. Follen in the Preface which he wrote to this volume in 1831., that this little book may be numbered among the treasures of children, "with the corners of the leaves well worn by their little fingers; and perhaps sometimes be placed upon the pillow where angels hover round." "Gay and serious pieces are bound up together. The smile that overtakes tears is as necessary to the child as the sun after a spring shower is necessary to the young plants; and without it a blight will fall upon the opening blossom." The volume is illustrated with several fine engravings of sweet domestic scenes.

The Merchant's Widow, and her Family. By Mrs. Hofland.
The Clergyman's Widow and her Young Family. By Mrs. Hofland.
The Officer's Widow, and her Young Family. By Mrs. Hofland.

These are three volumes, constituting part of Francis & Co's Little Library for young Persons of various ages. They are new and revised editions of works which have been very popular, and have helped train past generations, as we hope they will future, to patience, perseverance, industry and virtue.

Scenes in Luther's Life; with an Introductory Essay on the Connexion between Modern Civilization and the Reformation of the 16th century. By the author of the Philosophy of Reform. A Life in Earnest &c. "Truth can never die." Approved by the Committee of Publication.—Boston: New England S. S. Union.

We think very highly of this work, and would commend it to the notice of those who wish to obtain books for S. S. Libraries. We perceive nothing sectarian in the fainteast degree. It is noticeable in a manner in which we never so saw it before, that Luther on his death-bed expressed himself in language that every Christian of every name could make his own at the hour of death. As for instance:

• • • • "Lord God I invoke thee in the name of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I confess and preach by thy grace. Deign according to thy promise and for the glory of thy name, to hear me graciously in *Him*. Condescend to maintain to the end and unimpaired the church of my dear country in the pure truth and in the prophecy of thy word, in order that all the world may know assuredly thou hast sent me to this work. Even so, dear Lord God, Amen, Amen." Taking a parcel from his son, he tasted of one or two of the things it contained, then handing it back, said: "Never forget the kindness of your mother." Growing still worse, he soon began to pray, summoning all his strength: "O my dear Heavenly Father, God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, God of all consolation, I give thee thanks that thou has revealed to me thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I have lived, and glorified. I pray thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, to take my poor soul under thy protection. O my dear Heavenly Father, though I may be obliged to quit this body and quit this life, I am sure I shall dwell forever with thee, and no one shall pluck me out of thy hands." Then repeating some texts of Scripture, he added: "I go, I am on the point of rendering up my soul." He then repeated in Latin, three times in quick succession: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of truth." He now appeared to be sinking fast. Dr. Jonas addressing him, said: "Most beloved father, do you still hold on to Christ, the Son of God, our Savior and Redeemer?" His countenance lighting up, he replied in a clear voice, "O yes." These were his last words. Turning himself on his right side, he slept for a quarter of an hour. Soon after, his countenance assumed the paleness of death, his feet became cold, he breathed feebly and gently as a sleeping infant, and in this manner expired in the most perfect peace.

So all great minds burst the shackles of sectarianism, and ascend to great common truths, when about to depart and be with Christ. So JOHN HOWE also felt and expressed himself, when on his death-bed he said to a Christian friend, "The principles in which we agree, should be regarded by us, more than the points on which we differ."

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1849. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown.—1848 pp. 370.

This is the 20th volume of this inestimable work, and the tenth of the 2nd series. The Astronomical Department has been as usual under the direction of Professor Pierce. The Article on the Coast Survey is particularly interesting and instructive. The Statistical information is minute, full, and complete; and the whole matter and manner of the book are an honor to American industry, and scholarship, and skill, and worth the price of the volume many times over.

For the Register.

PRAYER.

Would you free your life from sin,
Let the day with prayer begin,
And at evening's latest close,
Turn to God, ere you repose.

Often, at the noontide hour,
Fervent supplications pour;
In the city, by the way,
Or at home, to God oft pray.

When with heavy cares opprest,
Seek to find in prayer a rest,
And when trials press thee sore,
Turn, and pray to God, the more.

When around temptations flow,
And beset where'er you go,
Then, to God, your crosses bear,
Seek to find relief in prayer.

Should prosperity be thine,
And its light around thee shine,
Blessing thee, in all thy way,
Then, forget not *then*, to pray.

Pray in trial—pray in joy;
It should be your sweet employ;
Let your life be full of prayer,
Blessings, then, will follow there.

Oct. 28, 1848.

THE REPORT OF THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The "Sixth Report of the Middlesex Sunday School Society, made at the seventh annual meeting, held in Rev. Dr. Field's Church, Weston, Oct. 11, 1848," (pp. 40, octavo,) "printed by Dutton & Wentworth" of this city, is before us. It is composed chiefly of replies to a Circular sent out by the Secretary to the several Schools connected with the Society, on the following topics: Statistics of the Schools, Management, System, Examination, Teachers' Meetings, Results of the modes and systems of general education, Preparation of Teachers, General Suggestions.

The Society will assuredly thank those who have contributed to this Report, and their Secretary, Rev. Mr. Dorr, for the thorough manner in which he has performed his duty. They will also appreciate and be benefited by the good sense and wisdom of the "general remarks" from his own pen, with which the Report is concluded.

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL.

The "Annual Report of the Select Committee of the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America, presented Nov. 2, 1848," by Rev. Dr. Parkman, its Secretary, has just issued from the press of Mr. John Wilson, 21, School Street. It embraces the returns of the missionaries, which are unusually full and satisfactory, with appropriate remarks from the Secretary, in passing. The appropriations for the past year have been 2800 dollars, viz., for missions in Illinois and Michigan, 1400 dollars; for the Onandaga Indians in Western New York, the Indians of Marshpee and Herring Pond, and two Indian youths of the Saginaw tribe in the Albion Seminary, Michigan, 700 dollars; for the Isle of Shoals $250; for the Island of Matinicus, twenty miles from Thomastown, Me., $150; for the vicinity of Standish and Gorham, Me., $200; for the neighborhood of Leyden, Vernon &c., on the frontiers of Mass. $100.

The missionaries in the employment of the Society are as follows:

Rev. W. G. Eliot, St. Louis and destitute vicinity, Mo.
Rev. M. D'Lange, Quincy and destitute vicinity, Ill.
Rev. A. H. Conant, Geneva and destitute vicinity, Ill.
Rev. G. W. Woodward, Galena, Savanna, and vicinity, Ill.
Rev. W. T. Huntington, Milwaukie and vicinity, Wis.
Rev. T. C. Adam, Manchester, Clinton, and vicinity, Mich.
Rev. H. Emmons, Vernon, Oneida, and vicinity, N. Y.
Rev. E. T. Gerry, Standish, East Standish, and West Gorham, Me.
Rev. A. Brown and Rev. A. Bridge, Vernon Leyden, and vicinity.
Rev. L. D. Blodget, Isle of Shoals.
Mrs. Blodget, Teacher of the School.
Rev. A. Plumer, Island of Matinicus, Me.
Rev. P. Fish, Indians of Marshpee and Herring Pond.

Mr. Eliot writes, "In some instances, persons rode ten or twelve miles from their homes to attend the meetings; and among my hearers, in every place, have been some who have not attended public worship for several years. The subjects which I have brought before them have been uniformly, with one exception, of the most practical nature. One of them, which I selected oftener than any other, is "Christian charity;" with the intention of showing, that, notwithstanding the numerous points of dispute among Christians, there is agreement sufficient to justify peace and good-will among all those who are regenerate in their lives. These views have been cordially received by members of all sects, which is the more gratifying to me, because there is nothing by which the cause of religion is so much hindered in the small villages and spare settlements of the West, as by uncharitableness and bigotry."

Mr. D'Lange writes, "Those who attend my services are of various sects: there are among them Episcopalians, Baptists, Calvinists, Christians (commonly called Campbellites), and Universalists. The barriers of sectarianism are thus overturned, and the glad freedom of Christ triumphs in bringing hearts into closer contact."

Mr. Adam writes, "Your letter found me laboring in the work of the ministry for a small but growing society of disciples of Jesus, in the town and village of Manchester. This society has made quite praiseworthy exertions, for several years past, both in the way of sustaining public worship, and in building a church edifice. The time is not remote, when the Society will be in a condition to support itself, and maintain the regular ministration of the word and ordinances."

DR. HOWE'S REPORT ON IDIOCY.

The "Report made to the Legislature of Massachusetts, upon Idiocy, by S. G. Howe, Chairman of the State Commission," with Supplement and Tables "showing the Physical and mental condition of Idiotic Persons in Massachusetts," forms No. 51 of the Documents of the Senate; and we thank the Legislature for early attending to the subject brought to their notice, and the Commissioners for the faithful and able manner in which they have discharged the duty appointed them. Some results of inquiries on the subject were printed in March of last year, but since then further and more diligent inquiries have been made. The Commissioners have ascertained the existence, and examined the condition of *five hundred and seventy four* human beings condemned to hopeless idiocy; and if other parts of the State not examined, contain a corresponding number, there are between *twelve and fifteen hundred* idiots in this Commonwealth.

The various subjects of the Report—the definition of terms; the condition and capacities of our idiots, their treatment as to cleanliness, feeding and exercise, in our alms-houses and in private families; the European schools for Idiots; &c. &c.;—are treated with the thoroughness and depth of philosophic investigation, with the spirit of Christian philanthropy and with no other sacrifice of delicacy or shock to one's tastes and feelings in the recital, than the physician must give who must examine in order to cure.

Attached to the Report, is the following notice, dated Oct. 1848, which it is exceedingly gratifying to read.

Subsequently to this Report, the Legislature of Massachusetts made an appropriation of $2500 per annum, for three years, to be devoted to the experiment of teaching and training ten idiots.

A school has been established at South Boston, under the direction of Dr. Howe; and several idiots are already under instruction. The teacher is Mr. J. B. Richards.

☞ We understand that the Meeting-House in Dorchester, near Harrison Square, built by Rev. Stephen Bailey and others, for the purpose of establishing an Orthodox Society, has been purchased by a company of gentlemen belonging mostly to Harrison Square and that vicinity, for the purpose of establishing themselves in the House as a Society of Unitarian Worshippers. We are highly gratified to learn that their laudable enterprise has thus far been eminently successful.

The first religious service was held by the Society on Sunday, the 12th inst., when the Rev. Charles Brooks of this city, officiated.—On the last Sunday, divine service was performed by Mr. Davis, son of Ex-Governor Davis, of Worcester. A member of the Society informs us that over forty pews have already been leased; that all the proprietors of the house are men of good property, and some of them are wealthy—a circumstance which gives assurance of ability to sustain the undertaking.

Ordination at West Newton. On Wednesday, Nov. 22, Mr. William O. White was ordained at West Newton, as the first Pastor of the First Unitarian Society in that place. The following was the Order of Services:—

1. Introductory prayer, Rev. E. E. Hale, of Worcester; 2. Selections from the Scriptures, Rev. F. N. Knapp, of Brookline; 3. Hymn; 4. Sermon, (from 2d Cor. 15, 16,) Rev. J. H. Morison, of Milton; 5. Ordaining prayer, Rev. T. T. Stone, of Salem; 6. Hymn; 7. Charge, Rev. James Walker, D. D., of Cambridge; 8. Right hand of Fellowship, Rev. H. F. Bond, of Barre; 9. Sentence, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple;" 10. Address to the people, Rev. G. F. Simmons, of Springfield; 11. Concluding prayer, Rev. T. Hill, of Waltham; 12. Hymn; 13. Benediction, by the Pastor.

☞ Rev. T. Starr King will be installed over the Hollis Street Society, on the 29th inst.

An Excellent Idea. The triumphant party at Rochester, N. Y., instead of wasting money on mere noise and show, are to celebrate their recent victory by giving every poor family in the city a Thanksgiving dinner. A thousand dollars were to be raised, but two wards gave five hundred each. We know that this rejoicing will have no aching heads and this powder blow off no heads or hands. H.

The Boston Bee.—The proprietors of this Journal have made arrangements by which its great popularity will be continued, and doubtless increased. Benjamin Perley Moore, Esq., is to take its editorial charge on the 1st of December next. We congratulate our neighbors on having secured the services of a gentleman whose abilities are so well adapted to the duties which he is about to undertake.

Antediluvian World. Martin's Antediluvian World, is a remarkable specimen of art, and of elevated moral impression, and is well worthy the attention and consideration of the public.

Corrections on the Outside. In the extract from Dr. Walker's Sermon, 3rd paragraph, the 4th sentence should read, "But truth may be misunderstood, and truth misunderstood is error, which certainly may do harm, and this form of error more perhaps than any other."

In the extracts from Coleridge, 1st extract, for "casual" read *causal;* and instead of "with certain stages," read *with certain symptoms in certain stages.* In 2nd extract, in the Translation, for "Geometris," read *Geometry*, and for "coginance," read *cognizance.* In 3rd extract, 2nd paragraph, 1st sentence, for "synthesic" read *synthesis;*—4th paragraph, for "livid," read *living;*—in the same paragraph, in the sentence commencing with "In social," after "inter-dependence" supply the clause, "in moral life it is independence." In the fourth extract, supply the word "That," at the beginning of the 1st paragraph and for "breathways," read *breadthways.*

In the poetry, 5th line, for "Where," read *There.* In the eighth line, the word "*of*" should not be italicised.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Bibles to Seamen. Rev. Mr. Robinson, Episcopal missionary to seamen, reports as follows, for the month ending Nov. 13th:

Services at the Chapel, as usual, three times each Lord's day. Baptisms, one. Bibles given to seamen going to sea,—English, 60; Swedish, 5; German, 6; French, 2; Portuguese, 3; total, 76. Testaments,—English, 73; Swedish, 8; German, 10; Portuguese, 6; French, 4; total, 101. Prayer Books, 46. Volumes, 55. Clothing to destitute seaman, 18 pieces.

Disaster in the recent storm. Ship Clara, Penhallow, of and for Portsmouth, from Cadiz, Oct. 1st, went ashore on Truro Beach, two miles south of Cape Cod light, during the gale of 20th inst. 9 A M. Capt. Penhallow was lost overboard a few minutes previous to her striking.—The remainder of the crew were saved. At the latest advices the ship remained tight, high upon the beach, with her mizzenmast gone. The people of Truro were stripping her. The Clara was owned by Messrs. H. P. Salter and T. W. Penhallow of Portsmouth, and was insured in this city for $20,000 at one office and $7,500, at another.

[Capt. Penhallow was brother to the wife of the editor of the Christian Register.]

Baptismal Scene. According to the Raleigh (N. C.) Biblical Recorder, one hundred and sixty-three persons, of whom twenty-one were colored, were baptized at one time in the river Chowan, at Ballard's Bridge, in Chowan county, in that State. The line of candidates entered the water hand in hand, and extended over a hundred yards.

Secession from the Church of Rome On Sunday November 12, thirty-six families seceded from the Church of Rome, in Rochester, N. Y., under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Giustiniani, who has been laboring among the German population of that city about two months and a half.

Good of the Confessional. A firm in New York recently received through a Catholic Priest in Ireland, the sum of thirty pounds, it being a restitution of that amount unlawfully obtained by some one, from the firm. The confessional was the means through which the money was restored.

A Trick on the Clergy. Some person in Charlestown, Mass., has lately amusing himself at the expense of a considerable number of Unitarian or Universalist clergyman, to whom he has sent forged letters, inviting these clergyman, in the name of the committee of a vacant church in that city, to supply the pulpit as a candidate for settlement. A number of letters have been received by the committee from clergyman in different parts of the country, accepting or declining the invitation to visit Charlestown.

Mar Johannan, who visited this country with the Rev. Mr. Perkins some years since, has been excommunicated from the Nestorian Church for his adherence to the more evangelical form of Christianity which he has adopted since he became acquainted with the missionaries.

A Liberated Slave Preacher. Rev. H. W. Ellis, the learned slave, liberated by subscriptions in the Presbyterian Synod of Louisiana and Alabama, has commenced his labors in Africa with great zeal. He is studying the languages of two wild tribes, in order to be able to preach to them in their own tongue. He says that the Mandingoes claim him for their countryman, because his grandfather was born in Africa. This tribe are Mahomedans, and some of their priests he says, are intelligent, being capable of reading Hebrew, when written in the Arabic character. He speaks in glowing terms of Liberia and its prospects.

The Cholera in Syria. This pestilence has swept off from six thousand to ten thousand people in Damascus, in the course of a few weeks.

Another Church in Turkey. Rev. Mr. Ladd, missionary at Broosa, writes that a Church has been organized there, consisting of seven members, to which four were soon to be added. Others were serious inquirers after the way of life.

The Female Boarding School at Constantinople, numbers 21 scholars, and is exerting a very salutary influence among Armenian females.

India. In a letter from Madras, Rev. Mr. Winslow writes—Symptoms of the progress of truth are visible in many places, though the number of conversions is small and the experience of native Christians very defective. Mr. W. speaks, however, of the continuance of idolatry, swinging festivals, &c. Efforts had been made to suppress these exhibitions, but in vain.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

News by the Acadia.—This steamer, which arrived at this port early on Sunday morning last, brought what on the whole is considered favorable intelligence.

England.—*Cholera.* This disease still prevails, and Willmer & Smith's Times speaks of its insidious progress, but the average numbers of deaths weekly is still 47 below the weekly average for five years within the bills of mortality in *London.* In Edinburg there have been 290 case since Oct. 4, of which 169 were fatal.

Trade &c. The tone of commercial affairs has improved during the course of the week now closed, and there is an increased activity in the Cotton and Railway Share markets, and Stock market; and prices have advanced during the last few days.—The produce markets were rather active last week, but are again dull. The demand for goods is still limited, but producers keep their stocks low, which prevents prices from receding to any serious extent. The Iron trade continues to manifest symptoms of depression.

The upward tendency of the Grain markets in the chief places of consumption has increased so far as to establish a rise of a shilling or two in the price of Wheat which has been since supported.

Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society.—Wednesday and Thursday 1st and 2d inst., have been observed as a jubilee, and celebrated by religious service throughout the country, as the fiftieth anniversary of the Church Missionary Society. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other high functionaries of the church have, in various localities, taken an active share in the proceedings. Our local services were of the most interesting kind. On Thursday, sermons were preached in almost all the churches in town; and on Monday evening, a public meeting is to be held in the Collegiate Institution, over which the bishop has promised to preside. The annual income of the Church Missionary Society is, in round numbers, £100,000; but on this occasion extraordinary exertions are to be made to raise a jubilee fund of £100,000, making the sum collected 1848, £200,000. The society has upwards of 100 stations in different parts of the world, and 139 clergymen are supported by its funds. The number of the missionaries sent out by the society since its commencement is 576 and the entire amount of money raised on its behalf exceeds £2,500,000.

Ireland.—The papers mention numerous instances of insolvency among farmers, but speak of continued tranquility. The new act to abolish imprisonment for debt and to recover possession of small tenaments has gone into operation,

Persons in custody for debts not exceeding £10 are not to be arrested for sums under that amount, except in cases of slander, deceit, seduction, criminal conversation, and breach of promise of marriage. It is provided by the act, that tenements, or parts of houses, where the holding is for a period not exceeding one month and the rent £1 for the period, may be recovered in a summary way before a magistrate.

Mr. O'Brien enjoys an apartment to himself in the prison, and, also, the confidence of all the gaol authorities, and is visited daily by Mrs. O'Brien, who generaly remains from morning till night with him. He continues in excellent health and spirits.

France.—*The Presidency.*—The candidates for the presidency who have hitherto actually taken the field are only three, namely, M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, General Cavaignac, and M. Ludru Rollin. The Socialists have abandoned the idea of bringing M. Raspail forwarded, on the ground that he is not sufficiently well known in the remote parts of France, and at present they appear to be disposed to give their united support to M. Ledru-Rollin. Lamartine can hardly be said to be a candidate. Louis Napoleon is still the favorite, and it is thought he will be far away ahead his adversaries. The belief is that he will have three millions and a half of votes, while none of the others will have a million. For some days past, however, attempts have been made to damage the prince by the promulgation of injurious reports. Among the politicians of the barriers, it is currently reported that he is not only *bete*, but that he is drunken; and this calumny has had the effect, within the last two days, of reducing the odds in his favor. At present, the race is between Prince Louis Napoleon and General Gavaignac.

Paris, Thursday Night, Nov. 2d.—Raspail has written to the journals to say that he does not withdraw from the candidateship of the Presidency of the Republic.

During this day an extraordinary display of military force has been exhibited within and around the Assembly. The capital is much agitated. Collisions between the soldiers of the garde mobile and those of the line continue to take place in the northern faubourgs. A conflict took place last night again, at the Faubourg Poissenniere, and was recommenced to-day. The operators mingled in the tumult, and pelted the garde mobile with stones. Attroupements have also been formed at La Chapelle. At present strong patrols traverse the faubourgs.

The clubs are marked by especial violence on the question of the Presidency. Last night speeches were made, in which the population of the departments were menaced in case Prince Louis Napoleon should be returned; and the right of the minority to rise and maintain their opinion by violence, if necessary, was declared amidst loud applause. In fine, it was proclaimed that Paris would not be controlled or thwarted by the departments; that Paris, which had made the Revolution of February and proclaimed the Republic, without thinking it necessary to consult the departments, would maintain its conquest, and that the people for this were ready to take their muskets and descend into the streets.

At the democratic banquet at Dijon one of the orators pronounced an eulogy on Marat, Robespierre, Collet d'Herbois, and Danton.

M. Guizot.—The Assemblee Nationale says: "We have received letters from Caen, stating that M. Guizot will certainly be elected representative of the people in the department of Calvados, at the next election. That election will take place on the 19th of November, and M Guizot will succeed M. Durand, who died a few weeks back.

Austria. A correspondent of the London Times, under date of Oct. 27, writes:

"The combat is now carried on at an immense sacrifice of human life. I have no idea of the number of the killed in our camp, but that number must be considerable, for large troops of peasants were yesterday pressed into the Emperor's service, to dig holes to bury the dead in.—As for the living, they have to bear the heavy burden of this protracted siege. The horses and carts for miles around are seized to convey food and the baggage of the soldiers. The poorer part of the population suffer terribly, for there is no work to be had, and provisions are getting dearer every day. Then there are forced requisitions of forage, flour and beef."

It appears beyond a doubt, that Vienna had been attacked and bombarded by Windischgratz, and that his troops had suffered severely, and when the last accounts left, had failed to make themselves masters of the town. Jellachich had been compelled to retire, and the citizens are determined to destroy the city, rather than surrender. The defence of Vienna can only be paralled by the defence of Saragossa.

Northern Italy. The Breslau Gazette, of the 22d, announces, in large capitals, on the authority of a traveller from Brunn, that peace had been concluded in Italy on these terms:—

"The erection of Lombardy into an independent province, annexed to Austria, with a special and separate constitution and the full maintenance of its nationality; Venice to remain a free port, and the German troops to retire from Italy immediately."

Naples and Sicily. Accounts from Naples state that the Sicilian Affairs have been settled by the mediation of England and France. Sicily remains part of the Neapolitan dominions, but there is to be secured a separate Government and the Constitution of 1812.

☞ The Subscriber would acknowledge the receipt from the A. U. A., of a box of Books for circulation, containing the following:—

From Mr. Webster of Milton, Channing's Memoirs.
From J. Prentiss, of Keene, fifteen Priestley's Corruptions.
From the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, &c., 25 Burnap's Objections, 5 Wilson's Illus.
From a blind lady in Milton, and a lady in Providence, 8 Miles' Gospel Narratives.
From F. T. Gray, six Teacher's Present.
From Canton S. School, seventy-eight S. S. books.
From Crosby & Nichols, ten sets of Chris. Exam.
From A. U. A., twenty-four Monthly Relig. Mag. and six hundred and sixty-five tracts and pamphlets—nine hundred and sixty sime in all.

A. H. CONANT.

Geneva, Ill., Nov. 6, 1848.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES. Religious services *every Sunday evening* in the Chapel on Freeman Place, Beacon st.

Conference meeting or a Lecture *every Wednesday evening*, at the same place.

Our friends are invited to meet with us on these evenings, as they may find opportunity. oct28

☞ GOSPEL NARRATIVES, by Rev. H. A. Miles. This Quarterly Tract of the Unitarian Association is now ready for the Auxiliaries and for all members of the Association. But, from regard to the publishers of the previous edition, it will not be offered for sale until the remainder of that edition is disposed of.

nov25 F. W. HOLLAND, Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 16th inst, by Rev Mr Huntington, Edward Reed to Catharine T., daughter of Wm. H. Howard, all of this city.

In Boston, 15th inst, by Rev F. T. Gray, Mr Wm S. Goodridge to Miss Sarah E. Fox.

In Charlestown, 12th inst, by Rev Mr Folsom, Mr Andrew Haskell to Miss Charlotte Ann Hewes Clapp of Boston.

In Cambridge, 15th inst, Mr Elisha James of Jamaica Plains to Miss Mary A. Everett of C.

In Lynn, Mr Otis J. Breed to Miss Fanny S. Gray.

In Medford, by Rev Caleb Stetson, Mr Henry Withington to Miss Eliza Ann Symmes.

In Brookline, 15th inst, by Rev Dr Pierce, Mr Chas. O. Howe of this city to Miss Mary, daughter of John C. Faxon, Esq.

In Brighton, 17th inst, by Rev Mr Whitney, Mr C. H. Brackett to Miss Louisa T. Pierce, daughter of Horace Pierce.

In Quincy, 6th inst, by Rev Wm. P. Lunt, Rev Jas F. Brown of West Cambridge to Miss Caroline H., daughter of Wm G. Appleton, Esq., of Q.

In South Reading, 15th inst, by Rev Reuben Emerson, Mr Nathan Bancroft of Reading to Miss Elizabeth R. Foster of S. R.

In Haverhill, Mr Charles L. George to Miss Emeline Morse, both of Haverhill.

In Providence, R. I., 16th inst, by Rev Dr Hall, Amos N. Beckwith to Clara Cowling, daughter of Warren Lippitt, Esq.

DEATHS.

In Salem, 19th inst, Francis H. Silsbee, Esq., 37.

In Northfield, 8th inst, Louisa, wife of Timothy Field, Esq., 41.

In Salem, 21st inst, Mrs. Harriet E., wife of Elisha Mack, Esq., and the last surviving child of the late Rev. John Clarke, D. D., of the First Church in Boston, aged 56. Mrs. M. was a lady of highly cultivated mind, and great dignity and amenity of manner. She was the life of the domestic and social circles honored by her presence and irradiated by her benignant smile. For years her health has been failing, and for months she has been the victim of a complaint, unfathomable by medical science, and probably superinduced by her untiring fidelity, and assiduous attendance on her widowed mother, who died a few months since, at the advanced age of ninety one. [Salem Register.

In Haverhill, Mr Wm. E. P. Rogers, formerly of Gloucester. Mr. R. was the first editor of the Gloucester Telegraph; afterwards he conducted the Bangor Whig, and lately, the Haverhill Gazette.

MRS. GILMAN'S POEMS. Verses of A Life Time. By the Author of "Recollections of a Southern Matron,"—"New England Housekeeper," &c., &c., 1 vol, 12mo.

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THE next term of this Institution will commence on Tuesday, Dec. 12th. Rev. Horatio Alger will have the chief management of the School and employ such aid as he may think necessary. Mr. Alger is a graduate of Harvard College, and by his education and experience, is well qualified to satisfy the just demands of the patrons of the School.
nov25 3tis O. W. ALBEE.

On Friday, Dec. 1st, we shall publish,

1. The Unitarian Congregational Register, for 1849, containing statistics of Liberal Christianity and much other valuable infomation.—Price 12 cents.

, Any person at a distance who will enclose us *three postage stamps*, free of expense, shall receive a copy by mail post paid.

2. Tract of the A. U. A., No. 257 for December. The Closet. By Rev. Chandler Robbins. Price 3 cents.

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Copies for examination will be furnished by the Publishers. tf nov25

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CONTENTS.

1. Fortune's China: Gardening.
2. Lay of the Last Nibelungas.
3. Frank Forester's Field Sports in the United States.
4. The Progress of a Bill, Chap. IV.—V.—VI.
5. Sects and Sectaries of the French Revolution; Fourier.
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ANDEDILUVIAN WORLD,

being a series of designs, painted by the celebrated English painter, John Martin, K. L., member of the Royal Scottish Academy, member of the Academy of Fine Arts, at Antwerp, &c.

These representations each occupying 240 feet of canvas, have been executed in Rome during the past year, by the best Italian Painters, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Charles Martin.

The series will comprise the following subjects.—The Creation of the World; Paradise; Adam and Eve and Fall of Man; the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; the evening before the Deluge; and the death of Methuselah; the Deluge, and the Assuaging of the Waters after the Deluge.

The exhibition will be accompanied by appropriate music and descriptive lectures.

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nov11 4tis

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OF THE
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july15 tf

PREPARATORY
AND
HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
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LADIES' CALISTHENŒUM,
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IMPORTED BY
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POETRY.

For the Register.

TO C. K.

Oh! who can read within thy heart
Each youthful dream, and hope, and fear?
Wisdom, and love, and shrewdest art
The mystery of that shrine revere.
Where lies the dubious love of praise,
The nurse of worth or root of ill,
And there the restless spirit plays,
Earnest for change and quick of will.

By God's own eye alone 'tis read!
Yet, trust me, *thou* art bound to gaze
Thyself, with holy purpose led,
On thine own heart and all its ways.
There lies the book to others sealed;
Watch thou each scarce-formed hope and thought;
The future woman half-revealed
Thou'lt find within its compass brought.

And all thy native powers can do,
With all the strength pray'r may impart,
Will hardly look its mazes through,
Or rule that little realm, thy heart!
That little, ever-throbbing heart,
Whence rush the crimson tides that speak
Health in the coral lip, and start
Into the soft and rose-like cheek.

Life with its issues springeth thence.
There sits the mighty monarch, Will,
Serene, majestic, ruling Sense,
Or tumult, shall that kingdom fill.
Con not alone the earth or sky,
The works of God, the deeds of man;
With inward-gazing, earnest eye,
Watch thou the world none other can.

Farewell! when fifteen summers more
Have turned the blossom into fruit,
When busy, tempted youth is o'er,
When hope is tamed and fancy mute,
Then may'st thou calmly look within,
Self-trained, self-knowing as thou art,
And finding there no *cherished* sin,
Still love to commune with thy heart.

L. L.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CATCH A BIRD.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"Whereaway, Jem?"

"Up country."

"Aha! what's in the wind?"

"A raise. Fact is, Tom, the New-Yorkers are purse-proud—no money to be had for *love*, even. All wrong—money buys love, why not love money? Aint I a philosopher Tom?"

"And who is to have the honor of buying the ninety-ninth part of some hitherto hidden corner of Jem Fletcher's heart (all there's left,)—and what's the bid?"

"Tom, I'am in sober earnest this time; there's nothing like this plan o' mine. Catch a bird with a piece of money in its mouth and you have birdie and all."

"Ay, *catch* the bird."

"Oh! she's as good as caught, now. I've a fortieth cousin up there in the woods. (Alder Brook they call the settlement,) and he's a great man among them—justice of the peace, town clerk or something or other. Well, I believe he has an inkling of the state of my affairs; and, having done pretty well in the matrimonial money-making line himself, he just takes it upon himself to advise me. Let me see—I have a nunc, somewhere. Deacon—Deacon—Palmer, (I believe it is)—a hundred thousand—one pretty daughter, *very* pretty and sole heiress. It seems they have got an academy of learning up there. James Fletcher, A. B., your servant was graduated at old Harvard, and he purposes assuming the duties and responsibilities of principal in that most excellent institution—the academy at Alder Brook, I mean."

'Capital, Jem! But no! Why not dash out, play high, and take the fortress by glitter? No danger of an indictment for swindling."

'There's a papa in the way with an eye like a hawk. No; sober and intellectual is my cue—not moneyed but evidently 'a rising young man.' 'wont I raise?"

"If I can. But see! the steamer is ready for putting off. Success to ye, Jem—good by."

Oh! what a sensation there was in our village, when it was reported that James Fletcher, Esq., of New York city, a young gentleman of very brilliant parts and highly finished education, was coming to take charge of our academy! There was much sympathy for him too. For it was rumored the exigencies of the times had deprived him of a very fine fortune; and, moreover, that he came to us for the sake of giving his mind the opportunity to recover its usual tone and vigor, after having been nearly shattered by adversity. Mr. Fletcher arrived late of a Saturday evening; but in the ten minutes that elapsed he disappeared, in one of the upper chambers of the "Sheaf and Sickle," he had been seen by half the men of the village. The next morning there was a great rush to church; which must have been anticipated by the parson, for the elder part of the congregation did not fail to observe that he had taken unwonted pains with his discourse. Adeline Palmer called at our door, (Ada and I were close friends and never went any-where before that first visit of yours Bel.) and, as we walked to church together, I had a full description of Mr. Fletcher—eyes, hair, complexion, bearing, character, and even feelings. The picture *was* rather "taking." I must own; that my muslin and straw was "as good as new," then; so I only re-adjusted the precious morsel of paste glittering in my breast rush and carried my parasol as daintily as possible. But it was of no use. Ada Palmer was *the belle* of Alder Brook; and though it is impossible in any case, to resist the desire to look one's prettiest, the vainest of us never dreamed of being *seen* when beside her. Worse still, I was informed that Mr. Fletcher was particularly anxious to board at Deacon Palmer's for the reason that his love of reairement and quiet way might be better gratified there than at any other house in the village.

"And will he?" I inquired with quite enough interest.

"If we can get papa to consent."

"To think *your* having a boarder!"

"You pity us, I dare say Fan," with a very roguish twinkle of the eye, and knowing look about the mouth, that was particularly provoking.

"Rather impertinent Miss Deacon's daughter," thought I; "I shall treasure that up to measure back to you one of these days;" but there was no chance to reply, for we had entered the church-porch; and so, with a mutual smile, and a nod of good-natured defiance, we parted. I soon discovered Mr. Fletcher, for his was the only strange face there, and he evidently soon discovered Ada Palmer. Oh! Ada *was* a little queen; and she never looked so beautiful as on that day. It was impossible not to concede to winning; and when, in a fortnight after, Mr. Fletcher was reckoned among them, I do not believe there was a belle in the whole village but thought it was her due, and yielded the conquest to her with a good grace. But we *did* have rare times, making Ada blush, and (did you never observe that awkward right-angle which bashful consciousness puts in the corner where the two lips meet?) make *square mouths*. Rare times had we; and it was good revenge as need be.

But poor Jem Fletcher! he was right when he anticipated a severe apprenticeship; for the Deacon was a marvel of a good man. Deacon Palmer's right hand, hiding his purse within it, was given to every good enterprize, whether for the advancement of religion or morality, or intended to promote the secondary interests of the village which acknowledged him its head. So poor Jem was not only obligded to attend church three times every Sabbath, and lectures of various kind during the week, but he must needs listen, with at least pretended interest, to a thousand plans of ameliorating the condition of the human race; from which weighty matters he hoped as he listened, at some future day to relieve his intended father-in-law, oy taking the helm into his own hand. The more Jem saw of the old gentleman's generosity, the more sanguine became his hopes: and bright was the picture his fancy painted, of the time when good Deacon Palmer would no longer be obliged to look after wealth which he did not know how to use. But Jem's hardest apprenticeship was not labor, it was to Rachel herself. Oh! such a sprite as was Ada Palmer! Pious as Juno and mischievous as a whole troop of these small people they call fairies, neaded by bright Titania's own jester. An

"Airy fairy Lillian,
Flitting fairy Lillian,"

was she with the same "crimson threaded lips," and the "silver treble laughter," on them; but as dignified as a lady dutchess, when she chose, there was no bringing Ada to terms till she was ready to come and sometimes I used to doubt whether Jem Fletcher, though he trained his eyes and trained his tongue, and tuned his voice to the tone of a harp with a die-away air on its strings would be able to accomplish it. Ada was un-readable, even with us. Jem however, hoped on, and with good reason, for it was evident, that he had the right ear of both parents.

There was to be a meeting of the "Alder Brook Young Ladies' Temperance Society," and Mr. Fletcher was unanimously chosen "the very one" to deliver a fitting lecure on the occasion. Jem Fletcher lecture on temperance! But no matter; he had embarked, and must push forward at all hazards. Besides what better opportunity could a lover wish for the display of his eloquence! What delicate compliments might he pay to *one* under cover of the whole! How charmingly would he angelize all the fair teens at Alder Brook while Ada would be thinking within herself "if he holds all of us in such high estimation, what would his idolatry be when concentrated?" Mr. Fletcher delighted the ladies by consenting to address them; but, in the meantime he begged a week's delay, as he would not presume to rise before such an assembly of wit, and beauty, and talent, without due preparation. The delay was granted, and poor Jem Fletcher sat down determinedly and perseveringly to his severe task. Such havoc as was made among the goosequills and foolscap! Jem's organ of destructiveness had never accomplished so much since the day of his babyhood, when newspapers had been given him as playthings. But he succeeded. Even his own fastidious taste was fully satisfied. And what might not be expected of those bright beings on the look-out for beauties! Jem was in raptures. He read and re-read his address, and each time it grew more strikingly brilliant, more witty, more sweetly sentimental, more gracefully insinuating — in short, more decidedly the precise thing to bait the hook dropped through a lady's ear into her breast. We all expected wonders of Mr. Fletcher, and curiosity, pushed back like a boisterous beggar till the latest moment, was ready for a rush.

"Ada, go up to Mr. Fletcher's room and get the newspaper," said the Deacon, after the young lady had donned bonnet and shawl to go to the lecture.

Ada seized my hand. "Come with me, Fan; Mr. Fletcher is down taking tea with mamma.—He stayed out late to-night—conning his speech, I dare say," she added in a whisper.

The Deacon rang for lights and away went Ada and I for the newspaper. Mr. Fletcher's hat, with his gloves beside it, was upon the table; and upon a folded handkerchief, like the driven snow in whiteness, lay a little manuscript book.

"Look, the lecture, Fanny, said Ada, taking one corner between the tips of her fingers, and elevating it above her head. "Now what would you give to see the inside of it?"

"Better to hear it, Ada; I never could bear to read a manuscript. But what a very nice man this Mr. Fletcher of yours must be. See how carefully that bit of blue riband is knotted."

"The very same that he stole from my workbasket this morning! Saucy, is'nt it? I have half a mind to punish that impudence. Besides, (between our two selves, Fan,) this very correct Mr. Fletcher is an arrant hypocrite—I see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice. He would be far more at home, I dare say, singing

"Blame not the bowl—the fruitful bowl"

than saying pretty things for the edification of us cold water-ites. Let's punish his knavery. Here, come to the window while I untie this knot."

Ada Palmer's fingers shook as though shocked at their own naughty doing while she loosened the blue riband, and then she slipped the inner sheet from it, and slid it down behind the sofa.

"Now, if I only had some queer thing to substitute. Look, there's a sheet of note-paper on the table! He has just written down a page, and the ink is hardly dry on it. Bring it, Fanny—it is just the size of this—some love note, I dare say; and we shall get a blush from him, at any rate, when he opens to it. Think of making him blush in public! but we must be very demure—it would not do for us to smile even, or we should be detected."

By the time Ada had finished her caution, the sheet of note paper was fastened snugly in the middle and the book returned to its resting-place on the handkerchief.

A more mellow, rich-toned voice than Jem Fletcher's I never heard; and on that evening, it was modulated to its utmost capacity for melody. I had entirely forgotten Ada's mischievous prank, and so had she, I doubt not before he had turned over three leaves. The sentiments, too, and the happy mode of adorning them. Oh! Jem Fletcher deserved success for his industry, if not for his honesty! Suddenly, while Fletcher's tongue was thrilling beneath a whole tide of eloquence, and hearts were beating and eyes flashing before him, he made an abrupt pause. Placing his right hand upon the page, he raised the other to his eyes hastily, as though brushing away some intruding vision—but no! it was there yet. Jem tried his handkerchief, but it did no good. Something had evidently planted itself before him that he did not wish to see. He turned over leaf after leaf confusedly, and back again; while the red blood seemed ready to burst from his forehead; and we could almost fancy that we saw his hair raising itself in consternation above.

"I did not mean to embarrass him so much," whispered Ada in my ears.

At that moment Fletcher's eye fell upon us, and such an eye! Mortification, distress, anger—everything painful was there; and no doubt our blazing faces, with the attempt at a smile which we both of us instinctively made, betrayed the whole. Fletcher gave but one glance at us, one at the curious audience, now in a buzz of wonder; and snatching his hat from the seat behind him, he bounded for the door. The congregation was astounded, and poor Ada and myself trembled like two leaves in a storm. Slowly and one by one, the people went out; and that night, a light was kept burning in every house for fear of the mad tutor.

"Do you know what was the matter with Mr. Fletcher last evening?" inquired Deacon Palmer of his daughter, while at the breakfast table.—Ada's face took on the hue of a full blown peony. "Then you have seen this before!" and the Deacon pulled from his pocket the little book tied with the blue riband.

"I am sorry, papa, indeed, I am very sorry. I did not intend to mortify Mr. Fletcher so much—I only slipped in that paper for a frolic; and poor Ada actually burst into tears.

"Then you have not read it!"

"Oh, no papa! you could not think I would be so mean!"

"Well, Mr. Fletcher thought you had. I found this by the church door, where he dropped it. If you do not know what paper you slipped in for a frolic, you may read it now.

Ada's eyes grew larger and larger as she perused the pressious document which had turned Jem Fletcher into a madman; and such a volumn of laughter as she closed it with, had never before burst even from her merry heart.

No wonder that poor Jem was mortified past redemption; for the note which he supposed Ada had perused, gave a full account of all his plans and prospects to his friend Tom; and closed with a characteristic eulogium on pretty damsels in general, and moneyed pretty ones in particular.

Jem Fletcher has never been heard of since at Alder-brook: and many a good lady to this day, often expressed the hope, that the dear young man has found a shelter in some Lunatic Asylum.

CURIOUS COSMETIC.

The Rev. J. Williams, the well known and philanthropic Church Missionary, so long resident in the South Sea Islands, taught the natives to manufacture lime from the coral of their shores.—The powerful effect it produced upon them, and the extraordinary uses to which they applied it, he thus facetiously described:

After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be to cook the coral for food, what was their astonishment, when in the morning, they found his cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow.—They danced, they sung, they shouted, and screamed, with joy. The whole Island was soon in a commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity, and the laughable scenes which ensued after they got possession of the brush and whitewash tub, baffle description. The *bon ton* immediately voted it a cosmetic and a kalydor and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself could she but enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. And now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilized countries, as to who was, or who was not best entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank and riches; a second had got the brush, and were determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to secure. But soon new lime was prepared, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club or a garment, but what was as white as snow—not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with the most grotesque figures—not a pig but was similarly whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction, capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their white-washed infants.

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA.

The Lowell Journal of Thursday contains the following melancholy account of the death of a young man in that city, on Wednesday, named William H. Bardwell, son of Rev. Mr. Bardwell of Oxford, in this State, of that most horrible of all diseases—dyrophobia.

This case was one of those awful visitations, by that mysterious and most terrible of all diseases, which to witness fixes upon the mind an indelible sense of horror. Language can convey no idea of the fearful agonies, the frightful sufferings to which the victim of this deadly disease is subject. Mr. Bardwell was bitten by a strange dog in the store of Shapleigh & Farrington, on the 20th of July. He was about eighteen years of age, of strong robust frame, and esteemed for the rarest personal virtues. He had won the warmest esteem of his employers, and the love of a large circle of friends, by his moral worth, intelligence, integrity and manly character; and he was cut off in the prospect of a life of success and great usefulness, in the prime and vigor of dawning manhood. His death, under such awful circumstances, has cast a deep gloom over the hearts of all who knew him, and over the whole city.

The general facts, attending his case, are as follows. He was bitten slightly upon the right wrist, in attempting to secure the dog to tie him. The wound drew blood, but nothing particular was done, although he was advised to use some precautions to protect him from possible consequences. The wound healed readily, leaving a scar, which we observed was quite red, yesterday. It is stated that he has occasionally felt pains in the wounded arm; but it was not until last Sabbath, that this was severe enough to induce any particular attention to it. On that day he took a bath. On Monday, his arm still paining him, he bathed it in alcohol. On Tuesday morning, he again took a warm bath, and felt much better. About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the first spasm attacked him, caused by the sight of a glass of water. This was a quick spasmodic shudder, and involuntary drawing back. It appears that he has long entertained the belief, that he would ultimately die of hydrophobia, and has been known to exhibit much distress of mind from this anticipation. The first spasm, following the pain of his arm, satisfied him that his time was come; that death, in its most horrible form was approaching.

From this time the fearful spasms continued to increase in violence up to a short time before his death, becoming finally frightfully violent, and almost passing belief the powers of the human frame. So frantic were his struggles, that it required the united strength of eight men to restrain him; and had he not finally been secured otherwise it would scarce have prevented his doing injury to himself and others. Chloroform was employed yesterday, with success; and he was enabled, with great effort, to swallow a small portion of water; but the spasms returned with increased violence, until he finally sank away, exhausted in death.

During the whole time he was in possession of his reason, except when in his agonies. He was perfectly calm, and entirely resigned; only desiring a speedy release by death, from his dreadful sufferings. The peculiarity of his case was, that the mere idea or thought of water, or any liquid, suggested by the sight of anything employed for their conveyance, induced spasms instantly. It was this which rendered the employment of Chloroform very difficult. He was thrown into violent spasms, the moment he was conscious that the Chloroform approached him.

Dr. Graves was first called to attend the case, and a number of our best physicians where also in close attendance, and everything was done which skill and experience could suggest but without avail.—It was beyond the power of human aid. The disease progressed with extraordinary rapidity, manifesting its first active symptom on Tuesday afternoon, and terminating in death early last evening. It is indeed a fearful and mysterious foe—lying dormant for nearly four months, and springing into instant and deadly activity, when finally aroused. God, grant we may never be again called upon to record such a death, in this community.

EMPLOYMENT FOR FEMALES. In reply to a complaint that female operatives cannot earn enough in New York to subsist upon, a writer in the Christian Inquirer says, that he has been trying to get an honest, industrious girl to go into the country (one day's journey from the city) to do the housework in a respectable family, but he cannot find one who is willing to leave the city. He says there are many families in the country, who would gladly pay from one to two dollars a week for help, but try in vain to accomplish this. "Why, in the name of common sense," he asks, "do not the poor women, or girls, go into the country, where they can have good treatment, good homes, and good wages?" There is a good deal of truth in these remarks. Many persons of both sexes in want of employment choose rather to be a burthen to others in cities than go into the country and gain an honest and abundant living.

CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG. Are the little "Highlanders" whom we meet during three out of the four quarters of the year under the guardianship of their nurserymaids dawdling about the streets in our public walks on squares, properly protected from the cold? Are the fantastically-attired children whom we see "taking an airing" in carriages in our parks, sufficiently and properly clad? If these questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, then, and then only, my remarks are needless. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful ideas than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents, acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their offspring. Does nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And we must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honor. The little denizens of a warm nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless East or North-East wind; they must not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with jealous care and judicious zeal. *One-sixth of the deaths of young children*, it must be remembered, *result from cold.* [Erasmus Wilson.

CARPETS.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF NEW CARPETING FOR THE

FALL TRADE,

Embracing a GREAT VARIETY of Styles and Prices, in INGRAIN, THREE-PLY, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, and STAIR CARPETING and RODS, BOCKING, RUGS and MATS,

Window Shades and Fixtures,

TABLE OIL CLOTHS and CANVASS CARPETS, of all widths, some very old, suitable for Offices and Hotels, all of which will be sold low at Wholesale and Retail. Purchasers are invited to call and examine.

WILLIAM P. TENNEY,
CORNER OF HANOVER, BLACKSTONE, SALEM, AND ENDICOTT STREETS.
sept16 is&os3m

New Invention.

PATENT RIGHT SECURED.

BELIEVING that similar attempts to those made by certain Dentists and others (for fear of losing business, or envious of my having the credit due me,) to prejudice the community against the use of ether, and my claims as the discoverer, (which, however, they have entirely failed to do,) will be made in relation to my invention I am now introducing,—(which I pledge myself to demonstrate by scientific principles at once to any individual to be the most valuable invention for supporting teeth in the mouth ever made,) I have determined to insert Mineral teeth with false gums unsurpassed in beauty and durability, upon the very best of gold plate, without the slightest pain, (until it shall be introduced and appreciated, which will of course be done immediately,) without compensation.

After sufficient length of time has elapsed to show that nothing artificial could be more perfect, I expect my usual charge; with the exception of the cost of constructing them, which will be required when the Teeth are inserted.

This invention will bo exhibited from 10 to 1 at my Rooms.

A scale of charges, with a pamphlet explaining this method of inserting Teeth, with references and credentials from the highest authority in the United States, may be had by calling at or addressing

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Letheon Dental Establishment,

NO. 19 TREMONT ROW,

Opposite the Boston Museum.

[From the Christian Register.]

"Having seen several of the more important operations of dentistry performed by Dr. Morton in cases requiring much skill, and where our acquaintance with the individuals give us good opportunities of observation, we can speak with the greater confidence of his success, particularly in inserting complete sets of teeth. In the almost perfect imitation of mature, his artificial teeth can hardly be surpassed; and this imitation, we learn, is not merely in appearance, but extends to the working qualities, which are secured by the excellence of the material, and the nicety with which the plate is fitted to the jaw.

As it is Dr. Morton's intention to confine his exertions to his profession, we cannot doubt that his intelligence and skill will be appreciated and rewarded."

[From the N. E. Puritan.]

"Dr. Morton has resumed the practice of his profession, and we trust that the patronage of the public will help to repay him for the sacrifices he has made to their good. The great attention which Dr. M. has devoted to the manufacture of artificial teeth, and to their adjustment in the mouth, place him among the very first of our dentists."

[From the Evening Gazette.]

"We are happy to learn that Dr. Morton is now able to resume the practice of his profession, and we feel confident that the public will show their gratitude to the discoverer of this blessing to mankind by a liberal patronage in his peculiar art, in which he has few equals and no superiors in our city."

[From the Boston Courier.]

MECHANICAL ART. "The slight variations in color between different teeth, or shadings in the same tooth, and the set of the gum upon the tooth, are given with such truth, that the wearer of such, we suspect, might go through life in a broad laugh, without the genuineness of his teeth being suspected, whatever might be thought of his brains. The public have personal interest enough in him to wish him a hearty success, knowing as they do, the amount of human suffering which has even already been relieved through his courage and perseverance in the ether discovery. Dr. Morton's Office is at 19 Tremont Row."

[From the Mass. Ploughman.]

'Not content with a discovery by which one'e teeth can be taken out without his knowing it, he will put in a set which may be worn with equal unconsciousness. There is an exquisite finish about the teeth and their fittings which foreign competition can hardly surpass. Judging from these specimens, one need not go beyond 19 Tremont Row for his ivory."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"They are some of the finest specimens we have ever seen, and seem to be the very *beau ideal* of perfection in mechanical dentistry. The tints of the teeth and gums, and their conformation, are all so true to nature, that a savage would hardly doubt that they were cut bodily from the living subject, especially if he should see the motions of mastication regularly kept up, as in one of his specimens. We cannot but think that the best our citizens can do, is to extend to such a man the most liberal individual patronage. Dr. Morton's office is at 19 Tremont Row."

[From the Christian Alliance.]

"Among the most valuable results of scientific research, is the discovery of the properties of ether, by Dr. W. T. G. Morton. His sacrifice of health and property, while pursuing his arduous investigations, entitles him to the patronage as well as gratitude of the community. Those who have accurately examined specimens of his dentistry, cannot hesitate to bear unqualified testimony to his scientific skill and knowledge of his profession. By his thorough acquaintance with the properties of ether, and judicious administration of it, he is able to perform the most difficult dental operations, without suffering or injury to the patient.

nov11 eopostf

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